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V.15

Photo *Russell & Sons.*

His ancestors were not afraid
For King and Cause to fall;
He stands before us undismayed,
Prepared for duty's call.

Steadfast and brave, this cavalier
The wildest paths would tread,
Except that highway sad and drear,
The path that leads to bed.

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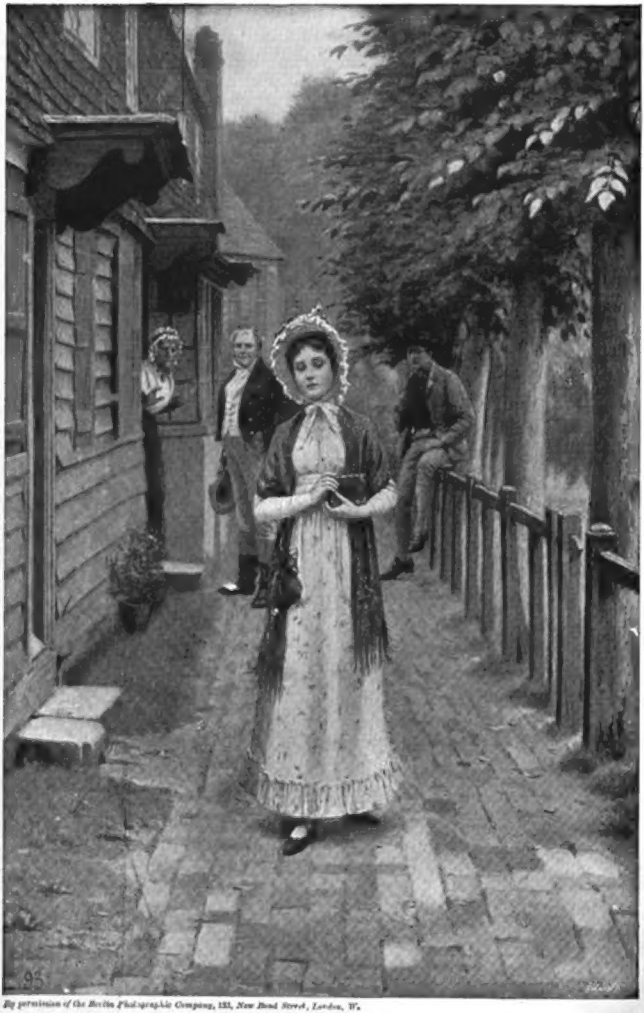

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SUNDAY.

From the Painting by E. Blair Leighton.

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FROM THE STALLS

Photo *Bingwash Studio.*

CYRIL MAUDE and IRIS HAWKINS.

Little Iris Hawkins is the most charming child actress that the London stage has known for years. As "Mickey" at the Haymarket she was a huge success. She is extraordinarily quick in the study of a part. On one occasion only three hours elapsed between her first reading of it and her public appearance.

Mr. Cyril Maude's generosity and good nature are well known, and consequently he receives a large number of letters from stage-struck individuals who wish to become actors or actresses. These communications are frequently ill-spelt, and often highly amusing.

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Photo Johnston & Hoffman.

"BILLIE" BURKE.

Miss "Billie" Burke's real first name is Ethelberta, but Billie suits her much better. She is an American girl, who loves old England, and adores London. "Although I have spent most of my time travelling about the world," she says, "I am always delighted to come back to London." And Londoners are no less delighted to see Miss "Billie" Burke. This charming singer of coon songs made her *début* in Vienna, and she went on the stage just because she loved it.

Her favourite recreation is horse-riding.

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Photo Campbell Gray.

RUTLAND BARRINGTON.

Mr. Rutland Barrington's handwriting, when a young man, was too indifferent for commercial life, so he went on the stage.

His sailor song with Master Archie Gordon at the Coliseum was a great success, but his admirers were glad to welcome him back to the theatre in "A White Chrysanthemum."

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Photo *Laura Cassell Smith.*

ISABEL JAY.

(Mrs. Henry Cavendish and her Baby.)

Isabel Jay was at the Academy of Music; then came the Savoy, and a jump to leading *rôles*. Then she married Mr. Henry Cavendish, the well-known African explorer. Then the pretty actress came back to the stage, to the "Country Girl," and has played at Daly's and the Lyric since.

One little incident will show Isabel Jay's kind-heartedness. She had just returned to the stage, and at the theatre a brooch was stolen by a property man. Despite the great value of the brooch—it had been a complimentary gift to her from a Savoy admirer—Isabel Jay did her best to defend the man, underrating the value of the brooch as much as possible to lessen his sentence. A truly kindly action.

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Photo *Hana.*

HERBERT FORDWYCH.

Herbert Fordwych of Aldwych, to give him his full title, is well known as a versatile writer of stage lyrics. His father gave him a University education as a preliminary to a life in the Courts of Law. The young man, however, did not take kindly to the prospect, and betook himself instead to South Africa. Once he had to drive a herd of oxen sixty miles at a stretch, and was obliged to hunt for his food on the way. He wisely returned to the old country after that experience.

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Photo *Johnston & Hoffmann.*

JANET ALEXANDER.

In the "Altar of Friendship," Miss Alexander shed enough tears to last her, let us hope, for her whole lifetime. The part must have been a trying one, calculated to tax the powers of so young an actress, but she acquitted herself splendidly. This beautiful Irish girl has all the vivacity and charm of her nation, and, one must add, a good deal of its traditional pluck. On one occasion she took up a leading part, without having previously understudied it, at five hours' notice. "One consolation was," she laughingly remarked, "that the costume happened to fit me."

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Photo. The Play Pictorial.

GROUP from "THE LITTLE MICHUS."

Robert Evett, Adrienne Augarde, and Mabel Green.

It is quite natural that, in the game of blind man's buff, the gallant soldier hero should arrive and be caught by the dainty little blind "man," and—oh, charming penalty!—blushingly kissed. It is a case of love at first sight, and a marriage is inevitable at the end of the play.

The blind "man" is pretty Adrienne Augarde, the daintiest of dainty comediennes. The other "Michu" is Mabel Green, a pretty lady, lately raised from the ranks of the chorus. The soldier is Robert Evett, Savoyard of renown, and concert singer of considerable merit.

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LILY ELSIE.

Miss Lily Elsie, who is playing at Daly's Theatre, says of herself: "Things go so pleasantly with me that I feel no need for recreation."

She began her career on the concert platform when quite a small child, and later on appeared at the Halls, which, however, she was glad to leave.

The refrain of her song in "The Little Michus" is as follows:

"No one loves her and no one hates her,
No one knows the future that awaits her,
No one's heard if she's big or small,
But she's just Miss Nobody from nowhere at all!"

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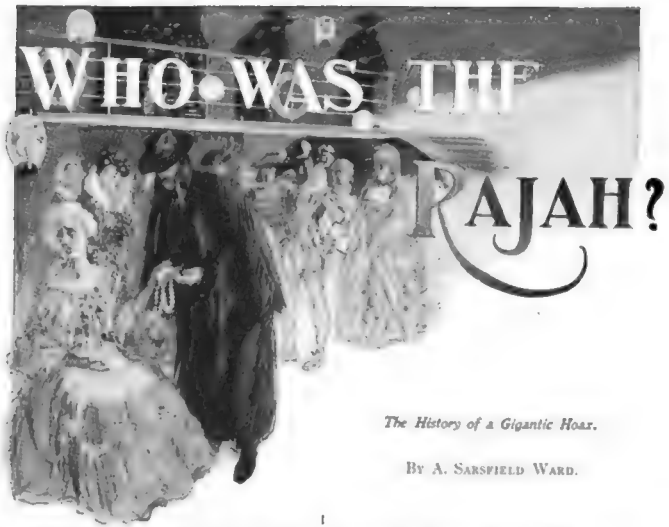

The History of a Gigantic Hoax.

By A. Sarsfield Ward.

I

The Park Hotel is quite the most exclusive in Southborne; in fact, its only rival is the Grand. It therefore came as a painful surprise to the exclusive Park set, including such Society celebrities as Mrs. Grafton-North, better known by her discarded matrimonial title of Lady Howdy, the Hon. Guy Cuthbert Fuller and Sir Aloys Martin, when the famous Captain Hestor was captured by the Grand.

The United States gunboat *Kansas City*, of which he was in command, had cast anchor off Southborne, and, largely owing to the machinations of Mrs. Rose-Maple, creator of the title-rôle in the tragedy "Hebe," and presiding genius of the rival establishment, the hero was lost to the Park.

Quite the only consolation of Mrs. Grafton-North, who was deeply interested—number of shares not known—was furnished by the Hon. Guy, the first to announce the coming of his Highness.

"He's a Rajah, don't you know, auntie," he explained. "Some place called Jungha, or something of that sort!"

This was somewhat vague, but no one was much better informed. However, despite everybody's ignorance relative to Jungha, the personal popularity of its Rajah was never for a moment in doubt.

A tall, slim man, his skin no darker than that of many Europeans, dressed immaculately in English-cut garments, but wearing a turban, he arrived at the Park Hotel accompanied by a gentleman similarly costumed, who seemed to occupy the position of secretary.

"I have decided for the present to leave my suite in London," he explained, with a singularly winning smile, to the obsequious manager. "Four servants will be here by the six o'clock train. You can arrange for them?"

"Most certainly! Delighted, in fact!" And so it came about that the Rajah was established at the Park. Four lithe Hindoos turned up in due course, bringing with them an astounding pile of luggage, probably representing, according to the Hon. Guy Fuller, "the greater part of Jungha!"

"Has he brought any introductions?" inquired Sir Aloys; "and why didn't he burst on the social horizon in town instead of springing himself on Southborne?"

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"Oh," said Fuller in mild surprise, "haven't you heard that he's no end chummy with the Colonel?"

No, no one had; but in corroboration of the statement, at that moment the Rajah, accompanied by the aristocratic Colonel Swain, descended the steps of the hotel. Inquiry being instantly promoted by the curious ones, it was learnt that the stranger bore most unimpeachable letters of introduction; and it was undoubtedly this fact, coupled with that of his distinguished personality, which secured for him the friendship of this highly exclusive set.

Colonel Swain's attitude was in itself ample recommendation; and with his suave Eastern manners, his deep, leisurely delivery and peculiarly musical accent, his Highness soon became a familiar figure at all the events organised by the Park visitors. He seemed to be literally rolling in wealth, and practically refurnished his suite of rooms with the contents of the numerous chests and boxes that he had brought with him.

Mrs. Grafton-North regarded him as a wonderful "find," and her daughter, Lady Sybil Howdy, was positively fascinated by the handsome Oriental.

"Oh, dearest," she cried, some time after the Rajah's arrival, running one morning into the elder lady's room; "he's going!"

"*Not* the Rajah?"

"Oh, yes! Is it not a fearful shame? Just as we were learning to like him so well! He has to return to Jungha on Tuesday; all his luggage is going off on Monday morning. But before he goes what do you suppose the dear man proposes to do?"

"I cannot guess, dear."

"A most lovely idea, and so original!" declared the girl excitedly. "He is going to hire a steamer for Monday night, and hold a fancy-dress ball on board! He will bring down an orchestra from London, and the deck will be specially prepared. We are to sail at eight o'clock, and there will be Chinese lanterns and——"

"Then everything is settled?"

"Why, everyone is simply delighted with the idea. Old Lady Horace has sent to Park Lane for her Pompadour costume! You know what an awful fright she looked in it at the Delcourts'!"

"Good gracious, yes!" said her mother. "So chilly the poor, dear old lady will be, too!"

"And by-the-way, dearest, I have learnt that Lieutenant Hinxman is here, with the *Kansas City*, you know. Should we not invite him?"

"The Rajah might object, Sybil; besides, Lieutenant Hinxman has not shown himself at the Park!"

"He intended to call," began the girl, and then paused in some confusion. "That is to say, I met him yesterday quite by accident! He did not know we were here, really; and the Rajah would not object; several invitations have already been sent out. Whom *do* you suppose Guy has invited?"

"*Whom*, in Heaven's name?"

"Mrs. Rose-Maple!"

"Oh, Sybil! Atrocious! The creature!"

Mrs. Grafton-North, in her indignation, quite forgot Lieutenant Hinxman; and in due course an invitation reached him, which he promptly accepted. When the Rajah was approached on the subject, a curious expression crept over his usually immobile features. "I understood that the *Kansas City* sailed on Sunday morning," he said.

"It was to have been so," replied Lady Sybil, "but the first engineer will be unable to repair the accident to the machinery in time."

"Ah, quite so," murmured the Rajah, and his smile was as winning as ever. "The attractions of Southborne are undoubtedly great. Ah, these Americans!"

In this manner it came about that when the masqueraders, cavaliers, d'Artagnans, peasant girls, gipsies, and the rest, were driven from the hotel to the pier, the last carriage to leave contained Mrs. Grafton-North, in Elizabethan costume, Lady Sybil Howdy, in powder and patches, and Lieutenant J. J. Cyrus Hinxman, of the United States gunboat *Kansas City*, also bewigged and powdered. A more or less admiring crowd lined the pier, at the head of which lay the S.S. *Seagull*, a fair-sized paddle-steamer.

A more perfect evening for the expedition could not well be imagined. The sea was as smooth as oil, and the air delightfully warm without being oppressive. As she stood and looked down upon the festoons and rows of Chinese lanterns and at the floral bower, right astern, from which peeped the uniforms of the Hungarian band, Lady Sybil gave a little cry of delight. Even the presence of the notorious "Hebe," hanging on the arm of the languid Fuller, could not mar her pleasure.

The last comers had descended to the deck, a bell rang in the engine-room and the vessel put to sea.

"I am in luck's way," declared Lieutenant Hinxman. "None of our fellows, barring myself, have been invited!"

"As a matter of fact, Lieutenant," came the silvery voice of the actress, "we are especially favoured mortals. There is no one else here from the Grand. They are all Parks or residentials!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Honourable Guy—who, in the costume of a jester, but retaining his monocle, was in close attendance—"ha, ha!"

The Rajah appeared a moment later magnificently arrayed in a dazzling Oriental robe, and Lieutenant Hinxman was duly presented. Shortly afterwards, finding himself alone with Lady Sybil, that intrepid sailor brought down upon his head the vials of her wrath by stating: "I don't take to your Rajah!"

Having made some very pointed remarks upon the subject of the American's perspicacity, or lack of it, the girl went on to lament the approaching loss of the Park idol. "He has sent on all his luggage," she said, "and his four servants have also left. He himself goes by an early train in the morning. He should have gone by the seven o'clock to-night, but did not wish to disappoint us by absenting himself from the affair which he was instrumental in getting up."

"Ah," said the lieutenant, "very good of him, I'm sure. And who is that eccentric individual tracking him around?"

"That's his confidential minister—a most gentlemanly person, of very high caste, too."

"Ah!" murmured the American absently.

• •

Dancing had commenced on the after-deck of the *Seagull*, which had been specially cleared and prepared for the purpose; and Hinxman was frustrated in an audacious attempt to monopolise Lady Sybil for the evening by the urbane Rajah. A delightful *tête-à-tête* being interrupted by that gentleman's coming to claim his partner, the disgusted lieutenant went forward to sulk. The vessel was about an hour out from Southborne, and, closely hugging the shore, lay just off the huge foreland known as Crag Head. Crossing the deserted forward-deck, the American looked out over the sea to where the lights of the *Kansas City* twinkled dimly in the clear air. There was no other light visible; but away to the south-west he thought he detected the presence of a long, grey object that must have been some kind of vessel.

A deck-hand lounging forward at that moment, Hinxman turned to him. "We are close in," he said.

A more or less admiring crowd lined the pier, at the head of which lay the S.S. "Seagull."

"Lots o' water, sir," replied the man. "It looks near at night, but we are a good quarter-mile outside the Light."

"It is not in sight at present."

"You can see her flashes if you watch the Head, sir. We shall sight her in two minutes."

Another man appeared at this juncture. "Come on below, Jim," he grinned. "They're all down there drinkin' the health of a gent as is standin' treat all round! He asked if they was all there, and, hearin' you wasn't, sent me to find you!"

The result of this tempting invitation was that the lieutenant again had the fore part of the vessel to himself. Strolling to the hatch, he peered down into the half lights and shadows of the fo'castle, but it was evidently deserted; so curling himself up in the shade of the hatchway, he lighted a cigarette and watched the now brilliant flashes from the still invisible lighthouse.

A moment later a singular thing occurred. The bell sounded in the engine-room, and the progress of the steamer was stopped. The sweet strains of the valse from "Coppélia" rang out clearly upon the night air, and then died away in a strange, discordant wail, as though the players had ceased one by one, leaving the silence unbroken, save for the murmur of the sea.

As the *Seagull's* engines were rung off from the bridge, the dancers paused, pair by pair, and stood transfixed by the apparition of a man thereon. He wore a soft felt hat with a wide brim, and his features were still further concealed by a crêpe mask. His tall figure was wrapped in a loose Inverness, and he held a shining revolver to the head of the man at the wheel. At either end of the bridge stood a masked stranger attired similarly, in every respect, to the first, with a rifle sighted upon the startled crowd below!

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the man, in a low, refined voice that was clearly audible, in the hushed silence, all over the vessel, "I regret to have to point out that the result of non-coincidence with my personal views will be, unfortunately for all concerned, annihilation!"

Several of the women turned pale, but no one moved or spoke.

"Such of the *Seagull's* people," continued the speaker, "as are not here within range of the two rifles are either in charge of the engines, and under the tender care of a colleague, or below in the steward's department, and likewise under close surveillance. The skipper I have personally locked in his cabin. If there be any movement made towards the bridge, a Maxim gun will sweep the deck!"

He suddenly paused, and whistled shrilly. From under the black-shadowed mass of the mighty headland a blinding lane of light shone out, illuminating the crowded deck as if by day!

"A searchlight," explained the calm rogue in the Inverness, "operated from an electric launch, from whose bows an expert gunner is now training a quick-firing gun upon you! Three gentlemen will immediately come round for your subscriptions towards the expenses incurred in organising the little scheme which you now see in operation!"

As he ceased speaking, one of the dancers, standing close under the bridge, began to creep still further into the shadow, with what design it was impossible to conjecture; but Colonel Swain saw him, and his harsh voice sounded strangely in the stillness.

"Come out of that shadow, you silly fool! Good Heavens! I know it's rank piracy, but we dare not take chances with the deck packed with women!"

"I thank you, sir," said the man on the bridge. "It would pain me deeply to witness the carnage that must ensue in the event of the Maxim opening fire!"

"It will pain you deeply when you're jerked to the end of a six-foot rope, you scoundrel!" growled the Colonel.

The stranger's teeth shone for a moment; then he reached out and telegraphed something to the engine-room, in response to which the paddles began to move slowly, with just sufficient force, in fact, to keep the *Seagull* stationary in the current that runs round Crag Head.

Three men now appeared among the masqueraders. They each exactly resembled, in the matter of costume, their accomplices upon the bridge. None of the women fainted, but many were deadly pale. As old Lady Horace handed over her historic rope of pearls to the polite rogue who requested it, she groaned so painfully that a girl who stood beside her, and who wore no jewellery, was quite touched.

"Think of Mrs. Grafton-North," she whispered in the old lady's ear, "and her diamonds! And poor Lady Greenhill and Miss Constable! And, oh! think of the Rajah! He is wearing the hereditary gems of Jungha!"

"Hang me!" said Sir Aloys Martin, "I don't see the Rajah—nor his minister—nor yet the Yankee lieutenant!"

The latter gentleman's invisibility was due to a very definite cause. It had not taken him ten seconds to grasp the salient features of the situation; and, jumping hastily to his feet when the engines stopped, as the man on the bridge delivered his opening remark the lieutenant dropped, like an Indian, into cover again. He realised that if he could but get himself overlooked something might be done in the matter.

The artistic planning of the "hold-up" appealed to him forcibly. From where he crouched he could not see the audacious elocutionist, but had a back view of a man with a rifle who occupied the starboard side of the bridge, and a three-quarter view of one who stood guard over the stokehold ladder. When the searchlight came into play it was entirely concentrated upon the dancers, and left the forward part of the vessel in a shadow that seemed, by contrast, inky. Then Lieutenant J. J. Cyrus Hinxman conceived an idea.

Discarding his wig, silk coat, dress sword, and pumps, he peeped out at the nearest source of danger—the man at the ladder-head. He was peering intently down into the stuffy depths. At that moment the speech from the bridge came to a conclusion, and the paddles began to slowly revolve. Coincident with their churning came a faint splash. The lieutenant had crept to the bulwarks, unhitched a lifebuoy, and dropped, as unostentatiously as possible, into the sea!

He instantly learnt that the current was much stronger than he had expected. It whirled him ahead of the *Seagull* with startling rapidity, so that he became conscious of a sudden nausea; moreover, a dawning fear was with him that he should be swept seaward of the Crag Head Light.

As he was carried on round the bend he mentally thanked his lucky stars that he had not ventured to rely upon his swimming powers. The current must inevitably have overpowered the strongest swimmer; and had he taken the plunge without the lifebuoy he should have quickly sunk from exhaustion.

"Shall I be helplessly whirled past the lighthouse, or shall I strike it?" was the question that occupied his mind. The answer was not long forthcoming. Before he could have conceived it possible, the huge tower—insignificant when viewed from the sea or from the top of the Head—loomed over him. His doubts were definitely set at rest; he struck it. Luckily it was the lifebuoy that was tossed violently against the stonework; had it been the lieutenant's head, then the *Kansas City* must have sailed minus her most popular officer.

The task of reaching the foot of the iron ladder that led up to the platform upon which the tower was constructed proved to be no light one. But by dint of much kicking and splashing he ultimately achieved it, and, dragging himself to the top, he lay panting and fatigued with his violent exertions.

A few moments in which to draw long breaths of air into his lungs was all the rest he allowed himself. Stepping to the foot of the lighthouse, he passed to the shoreward side and found a low iron door, upon which he proceeded to pummel with his fists.

No answering sound was audible. Again he banged and pounded away, and now, recovering his breath, hailed at the top of his voice: "Ahoy-oy! Tower-ahoy-oy-oy!"

This time his efforts were rewarded by the reverberating bang of a door. A few seconds later a head appeared through a small window some sixty feet above. "All right!" came a voice; "coming!"

There was a sound of heavy footsteps clattering down numerous stairs, and then bolts were shot and the iron door opened.

"What's this?" cried the short, thick-set man who confronted him; "accident?"

As he held up the lantern he carried, to obtain a better view of his unexpected visitor, a look of the wildest astonishment, not unmixed with fear, crept over his bronzed features.

Hinxman certainly presented an extraordinary spectacle; his gaily-frilled shirt clinging wetly to his figure, and his incongruous white silk stockings and purple knee-breeches dripping salt water upon the stones. There was, however, no time for lengthy explanations.

"I am Lieutenant Hinxman, of the American gunboat *Kansas City*. There has been a fancy-dress ball aboard the paddle-steamer *Seagull*. She is being held up by pirates less than a quarter of a mile away. You have a Marconi apparatus installed here. Is it in going order?"

For a brief moment the man gasped; this dripping apparition was either a howling maniac or a particularly sane man. In that brief moment the keeper decided.

"Step this way, sir!" he said, mechanically touching his forehead. "Mr. Price works the telegraph business, and he's turned in; but I'll have him out in a brace o' shakes!"

Relocking the iron door, he led the

lieutenant to a room half-way up the tower, from which, with commendable celerity, he produced a man in pyjamas. This was the Marconi operator, and Hinxman explained the situation to him in one short sentence. A few moments later they stood before the apparatus.

"Hullo, Squinter! *Kansas City . . . Kansas City!*" clicked the instrument.

No answering message, and the lieutenant's heart sank.

"Hasn't found 'em," said Price.

"Squinter, you lazy clam! Have you turned in?"

Just as he began to fear that his efforts had all been in vain the machine commenced to rap out a quick and detailed reply!

"Fine operator, your fellow," commented the man at the instrument; "but profane!"

"Who the blazes are you?" was the gist of the inquiry from the gunboat.

"Lieutenant Hinxman. The pleasure steamer *Seagull*, with the party from the Park Hotel, has been stuck up by pirates, and there are millions of dollars in personal jewellery on board! She's now lying a trifle east of Crag Head Light, where I am. Send the launch with Mr. Jackson in charge; arm 'em to the teeth.

"There's a boat with a Maxim gun aboard lying between the *Seagull* and shore. With the current that's running they can come down on her quietly, without steaming. Silence her first. Easily spot her by her searchlight. Mr. Jackson must then use his discretion. Not a moment to lose; hump to it! My orders—understand?"

The reply came promptly. "Launch coming!"

"Ah!" said Lieutenant Hinxman, with a great sigh of relief, "I've done my share. It's a moral certainty that Jackson will make a mess of the business, and just my angelic luck that I shan't be there to see the mix! Can anybody oblige me with a smoke?"

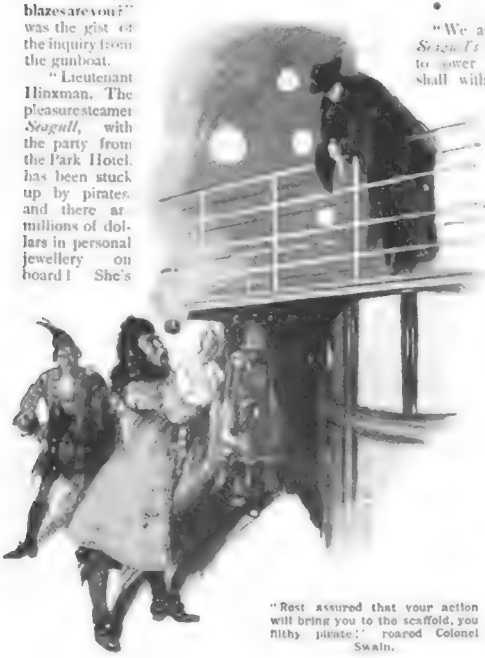
* * * *

"We are now," the man on the *Seagull's* bridge explained, "about to lower away a boat. In this we shall withdraw! The Maxim gun will continue to cover you until we have proceeded some distance, when the searchlight will be removed from the deck, and you will be at liberty to act as you think fit!"

"Rest assured that your action will bring you to the scaffold, you filthy pirate!" roared Colonel Swain. "We are helpless now, as you well know, otherwise you dare not fling your dirty insults about whilst I am present to hear you! But for the presence of the women, neither your cursed Maxim nor your rifles could have saved you, cowardly scum that you are!"

"Hear, hear, Colonel!" cried the men.

"It is not my intention," said the other coolly, "to take offence at your decidedly scurrilous comments, they being dictated by a mind somewhat overwrought by the excitements of the



"Rest assured that your action will bring you to the scaffold, you filthy pirate!" roared Colonel Swain.

evening. We may, however, meet again under different circumstances."

"You may swear to that, my man," retorted Sir Aloys Martin. "This night's work means the rope for you. It's piracy, sir, rank piracy!"

"We will consider the debate closed, your legal information being obviously limited!" smiled the cheerful rogue in the Inverness. "Below, there! Clear away that boat. There's no time to lose!"

The three nonchalant scoundrels who had relieved the unfortunate masqueraders of every available item of personal property having any intrinsic value now turned their attention to getting a boat clear for lowering. Orders were constantly being rung down to the engine-room, and directions given to the helmsman, from whose head the barrel of the revolver never swerved.

In this way the *Seagull* had been cleverly kept abreast of the stationary launch from whose bows gleamed the searchlight. Some indication of the state of affairs prevailing below had been furnished, ten minutes previously, by the muffled sound of a pistol shot; and a loud bellowing had emanated for some time from the skipper's cabin.

"The wonder to me is," said the Honourable Guy Fuller, "that this bally light has not been seen by a coastguard!"

"I should say that there are only about three points on the cliffs from which it is visible," replied a man arrayed as Henry VIII., "and we've only lain here for half-an-hour!"

"It has seemed an age to me!" sighed Mrs. Rose-Maple.

She had cheerfully handed over what appeared to be several thousand pounds' worth of diamonds; but as they happened to be merely paste, and in view of the marvellous advertisement which the night's adventure would constitute, she was really in high spirits.

"The light *must* have been seen from the *Kawas City*," growled Colonel Swain. "She's a dickens of a distance away, but the night is perfectly clear."

"'Pears to me," remarked the Honourable Guy, "that there is some sort of a craft coming up out yonder. A long, grey affair—no lights showing!"

All eyes turned seaward at his words, though no one dared to change his position.

"More chance of help here than from the American!" said Sir Aloys Martin excitedly.

His words were premature. With disconcerting suddenness the searchlight went out! A tremendous clatter arose from the direction of the shore, and a wild hail came ringing over the sea.

"Run for it, Count! We're captured by a launch from the Yankee gunboat!"

The manner in which the cry ended rendered it particularly apparent that someone had knocked the man on the head. There was a loud buzz of excitement, above which the calm warning sounded from the *Seagull's* bridge: "Remember the rifles, ladies and gentlemen!"

A bright glow arose from under the shadow of the cliffs, and the thud—thud—thud! of the approaching launch was heard. A second later she leapt out of the blackness into the moonlight sea, and it became evident that she was packed with blue-jackets.

The hum of conversation died away, giving place to a hushed silence. Everyone was wondering what the next development would be. Several of the women, who had retained a plucky calm during the trying events of the last half hour, now broke down completely.

"We are saved!" suddenly cried old Lady Horace, laughing hysterically. "Oh, my beautiful pearls!"

But upon the question of their immediate salvation, those among the men who were sufficiently calm to sum up the points of the game saw that the rogue on the bridge held the trump card. The launch was within six lengths when he raised his voice for the first time above the subdued tone that seemed to be habitual.

"Heave-to!" he roared. "Approach three lengths further and I open fire on the *Seagull's* deck!"

The grim threat was not without effect.

"Hard a-port!" bellowed a voice on the launch. "Stop her!"

With a dangerous roll the crowded little vessel swung round as her helm was put over, and lay, broadside on, within biscuit's throw of the steamer.

"It must be patent," continued the man on the bridge, in the same loud voice, "that you cannot, from your present position, pick off the gentlemen on either side of me. In short, the last word is mine! I demand that my electric launch be brought alongside, with her crew of three aboard; and that we be given fifteen minutes' grace, during which no steps be taken to pursue us. As the situation is entirely in my own hands, I might legitimately demand more; but I am a good sportsman. I will accept the word of honour of the gentleman in charge of the American

launch and that of Colonel Swain as representing the *Seagull*."

For one awful moment a catastrophe impended, for it was evident that only a word was needed from some master spirit for several men to attempt to rush the bridge. Luckily the word was never given. Colonel Swain broke the silence.

"It goes against the grain to capitulate with so despicable a scoundrel," he said; "but we cannot as men, much as we should desire to lay hands upon you, expose the women to such a peril as the fire of two repeating rifles.

"We are, moreover, unarmed. You have my word, you contemptible blackguard, that no steps shall be taken to bring you to the scaffold for fifteen minutes after you leave the *Seagull!*"

"And you, lieutenant?" called the man on the bridge.

"I don't know your name, sir," cried Colonel Swain to the officer in charge of the launch; "but there is no alternative. Rest assured that they cannot, in any case, get clear away!"

"All right!" snapped Jackson; "I close. But the thief in the slouch hat may lay his last almighty dollar that the *Kansas City* will pick him up inside three hours!"

The electric launch was brought alongside, and two of her crew—they were both strangers, and the third lay insensible in the bottom—were unbound. In reply to a shrill whistle, twice repeated, four counterparts of the fellows on the *Seagull's* bridge appeared from below and tumbled into the launch.

Then the men with the rifles followed, and, last of all, the presiding rogue. As he was about to leave the deck he turned and bowed profoundly, but did not remove his hat.

They steered straight out to sea, and a red light suddenly sprang into being in their bows. The low-lying, rakish, grey craft for which they were making could now be plainly seen, and Lieutenant Jackson was examining her through his night-glass.

"Lower away that boat, there," he ordered, standing in the stern of the launch, watch in hand. "Four of you bring off Lieutenant Hinxman from the Crag Head Light. As soon as the time shall have expired I'm off for Hestor. It's piracy, and therefore as much the business of U.S.A. as of Great Britain; but we can't sail without the Captain. Kindly don't ask any questions, ladies and gentlemen! Haker, remain on the *Seagull* with two men. Unlock the skipper, somebody. You are to make for the *Kansas City* when Lieutenant Hinxman comes aboard. Note the course laid by the yacht out yonder, bo'sun. Time up! Full steam!"

* * * * *

"The man has infernally good luck!" growled Hestor. "Think of this confounded mist, and the night as clear as crystal less than an hour ago."

"We shall lose him, sure!" said the incensed captain. "He's very likely clear of it a mile south, and steaming like fury for the French coast."

"They've spoken Portsmouth," replied Hinxman, "and a torpedo boat will cut him off if we don't overhaul him."

"Not so sure about it!" snapped his superior; "he might have doubled back. Why, sakes alive, man, he might be passing now, for all we're the wiser!"

He was not, though. As suddenly as it had descended the mist began to lift, so that, a few minutes later, the lights of Portsmouth harbour could be clearly discerned. Seaward all was still obscure, but a dull boom came rolling out of the fog and inspired the pessimistic Hestor with new hope.

"You're right, Hinxman!" he cried. "They've cut him off!"

In another half hour the night was clear again, and a rakish-looking steam-yacht was seen to be lying directly in the course of the gunboat, with the bulldog shape of a torpedo-boat alongside.

When the launch came away from the American, and Hinxman introduced himself to the commander of the *Leopard*, he was passed on to Inspector Cotley, who had come out from Portsmouth to arrest somebody.

"Can you identify the yacht?" was the inspector's first query.

Hinxman whistled softly. "That's done it!" he said. "But I could identify the 'Rajah.'"

"No such person on board!" was the answer. "This is the French yacht *Hélène*, property of the Count Jerome de Marche, on her way from Bergen to Brindisi!"

"Any passengers?"

"A small party. They are all on deck; see if you can identify anyone."

Hinxman went round; he scrutinised the faces of the company and of the crew. None were familiar.

"Papers regular?" he inquired.

"Quite!"

"Are you detaining her?"

"Certainly. I have instructions to that effect."

And so the *Hélène* was escorted into Portsmouth Harbour, and became the subject of an official inquiry—which resulted in nothing tangible. In fact, it soon became evident that the ingenious "Rajah" had never joined the yacht at all. The *Hélène* carried no launch, and although the fact was never proved, there could be little doubt that she was the vessel towards which he had made on leaving the *Seagull*.

As international complications threatened, the French boat had to be released, and this despite some little mystery surrounding her absent owner, the Count Jerome de Marche.

He was a gentleman of reputed wealth and leisure, but the origin of his influence was more than dubious.

Whoever he was, the thief got clear away.

"Personally," Hinxman was heard to declare, after the inquiry, "I believe the Rajah, the slouch-hatted man on the *Seagull's* bridge, and the Count de Marche are one and the same person.

"He probably meant to join the yacht, but had not reckoned on an immediate pursuit, so he ordered the *Hélène* to draw us away on a wild-goose chase while he slipped back and landed with his plunder.

"What he did with his launch I can't imagine; but he probably has numerous accomplices. In fact, I should say he was in a very large and flourishing way of business.

"Unless I'm vastly mistaken, he's a rising young man of whom we shall one day hear a great deal more!"

As he was about to leave the deck he turned and bowed profoundly; but did not remove his hat.

TEACHING A DOG TRICKS

Teaching a dog to beg.—(1) The first lesson. The dog is quite comfortable, and cannot fall.

By Wellesley Pain.

How the Family Pet may Become a Clever Performer.

One often hears an outcry against the trainers of performing animals, the popular idea being that you cannot teach a clever horse or dog to do anything out of the common unless you encourage him frequently with a heavy whip. The fact is, however, that the animals which receive the best kind of education scarcely know what a whip is. To thrash a dog because he has not learnt a lesson thoroughly and quickly is as foolish as to whip a child for a similar reason. In both cases the pupil is cowed and frightened, and therefore not in a mood to learn anything at all. The average dog-trainer is well aware of this fact, and therefore cultivates patience and self-control. It pays him to do this because he knows that a hasty blow may ruin all the training he has bestowed on a dog.

This article is to refer only to the training of dogs, and it may be said at once that the tricks which seem to an audience to be the cleverest are not always those which are the most difficult. The first thing to be done is to secure a good pupil, and in settling this matter the amateur usually asks himself: "Which shall I have, a mongrel or a thoroughbred dog?" In all probability the would-be trainer will feel inclined to buy a mongrel, because he will have heard that a mongrel is the cleverest of all dogs. That is true of many mongrels, and possibly one may find an explanation of the fact in the hundreds of dog-shows that are now held every year. A dog which is good enough to win prizes at a show is not trained in the way that the family pet is trained; the dog spends its time in going from show to show. He has no time for training.

The offspring of such dogs are not likely to be very clever; indeed, the points of some breeds seem to have been so arranged by fanciers that no room for brains shall be left in the dogs' heads. Show collies and poodles, for instance, must have long, lean, narrow heads; if you look at a working collie or a performing poodle, you will notice that he has a square-shaped, roomy head. Those clever dogs that take part in sheep-dog trials are useless from a fancier's point of view. Therefore, if you are choosing a thoroughbred dog choose one that is not likely to win prizes, and perhaps the simpler and cheaper plan is, after all, to buy a mongrel.

Your first task is to get the dog to know you thoroughly. There must be absolute sympathy between the master and pupil before any lessons can be learnt. Once you are good friends the rest is easy, for almost any dog will do what you want him to do when he thoroughly understands what is expected of him. It is in the imparting of that information that the whole secret of training lies. The appearance of extreme cleverness in a performance is caused by the dog apparently understanding exactly the words spoken by the trainer, whereas, in most cases, the dog really acts in obedience to signs or sounds that he sees or hears.

Perhaps the simplest of all tricks is to teach a dog to beg. It is generally the first trick that the average household pet dog is taught, and in most cases it is easily learnt. Sit down, put your legs close together, and coax the dog into a sitting position against your legs.

Talk to him while you are doing this, so that he may not be frightened, and when you get him into position, say "Beg" to him. When you take your hand away from him he will probably fall into a little heap on the floor; in which case prop him up again and repeat the word "Beg."

Do this half-a-dozen times, and then let him go. Make a fuss of him and give him a scrap of his favourite food. Repeat the lesson in the afternoon and again in the evening, and

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do not let anyone be in the room when you are teaching the dog.

After a few days the dog will have learnt to associate the word "beg" with a sitting position, and then you may try to get him to sit up without the support of your two legs. Try him against a wall or a chair; he will soon get accustomed to having no support on either side of him, and when he has once got the knack of balancing himself the rest is easy. A clever dog soon discovers that when he sits up he is rewarded with food, and so he sits up whenever food is on the table and he happens to be hungry.

To teach a dog to walk on his hind legs, all you have to do is to support him in that position and then walk a few steps with him. Increase the distance gradually, and at the same time tell the dog to stand up. In giving words of command to a dog, care must be taken to make the sounds of the different commands as different from each other as you possibly can. It is not for nothing that the public performer addresses his dogs in what appears to be a roundabout way.

The words he uses may not appear to be commands to the dog, but that is how the dog has been taught to interpret them. For instance, the trainer might say to his dog: "Can you stand up?" and the dog might be taught to remain perfectly still. The trainer might then go on to say: "If you don't stand up, I shall put you in the corner." The dog, having been taught to stand up at the sound of the word "if," immediately obeys.

It is a little more trouble to teach a dog to dance. When he has been taught to walk about on his hind legs, you must hold him by one of his front legs, and walk slowly round and round with him. You will soon get him to do this by himself, especially if this lesson is always given after the preceding walking lesson. One often notices

Teaching a dog to beg.—(1) The dog soon learns to take up the right attitude, but a little help from the trainer is needed until the dog is confident.

in public performances of dogs that the animals not only know their lessons, but know them in the order in which they had been taught, and dogs will often go on through their performances with scarcely a word from their trainer.

One of the most remarkable tricks that can be learnt by a dog is to tell the time by looking at a watch. Of course, everyone knows that a dog really cannot tell the time, but this is the effect of the trick. The secret of this performance lies in the fact that the dog has been taught to do a certain thing the moment he hears a certain signal.

To begin with, one must teach the dog to walk round and round in a small circle, or to walk up and down a straight line. It will be generally found that it is easier to teach a dog to walk in a circle. This lesson can only be taught by simply leading the dog until he learns what is required of him.

The next step is to teach him to pick something up from the ground. You may have to do this by throwing it away from him, and then encouraging him to go after it and bring it back. If he does not bring it back, he must be led back to the article, and this should be placed gently in his mouth so that he sees exactly what is required of him.

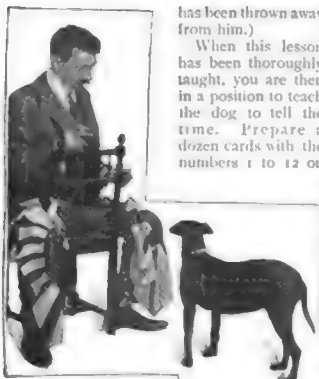
Teaching a dog to dance.

A piece of sugar shows the dog the direction in which he is to turn

The dog that has learnt this lesson well should pick up any small object that is pointed out to him. The command to pick a thing up should be given, not by word of mouth, but by a little signal, say, for instance, the snap of a piece of whalebone against the hand. When this has been mastered, make a sound that is not quite so loud, until finally he will pick a thing up when he hears a sound which is so slight that it would be practically inaudible to the human audience.

A very good plan is to have a toothpick in the hand and make a slight clicking noise with it when you want the dog to do the trick. (Of course, this training is done indoors. A dog that is taught to retrieve out of doors usually requires no word of command to make him fetch a small object that

Telling the time. The dog stops to pick up the number of the hour. The right hand of the trainer holds a toothpick, with which he makes a click when he wishes the dog to stop. The dog is taught to listen for the signal.



Teaching a dog to distinguish between the English and Japanese flags. An Englishdog naturally chooses the English flag. The signal is again the click of a toothpick in the trainer's right hand

has been thrown away from him.)

When this lesson has been thoroughly taught, you are then in a position to teach the dog to tell the time. Prepare a dozen cards with the numbers 1 to 12 on them, arrange them in a circle; then borrow a watch, show it to the dog, and start him walking round the circle. You will have noticed the time yourself, and you ask the questions accordingly.

Teaching a dog to be "dead."

"What will be the next hour?" you say, and when the dog reaches the right number, you click the toothpick in your hand—unknown to and unheard by the audience—and the dog picks the number up. In the same way you ask him how many minutes there are to the hour, how old he is, and so on. This is the simple secret of how these apparently wonderful tricks are done. If you would teach a dog to distinguish between two flags, you merely click the toothpick the moment he is near the flag which the audience desire him to pick up.

A very simple trick is to teach the dog to lie "dead." All you have to do is to put him into the required position, and repeat the word "dead" over and over again. If he shows the slightest signs of moving, put him gently back again into position. He will soon learn not to rise or move until you give him the signal to do so.

A dog may be easily taught to shake his head when he is required to say "No," and to nod in place of saying "Yes." A simple method of making him shake his head is to say: "Say no" to him, and at the same time you get close to his ear and, unperceived by the audience, blow gently into it. The dog is tickled, and immediately shakes his head furiously.

A little more patience is required to teach him to nod when you say: "Say yes." Having ordered him to do so, you put your hand down on the ground close to him and let him see that you hold in your hand a scrap of his favourite food. At the same time you repeat the command over and over again. Then let him have the food and go over the lesson once more. An intelligent dog can soon be taught in this way, and he will bow his head to the ground when told to say "Yes." In this way one may easily teach a dog to answer questions

Teaching a dog to say "Yes." A piece of sugar is put at the dog's feet, and he naturally bends his head to pick it up. Afterwards the sugar is omitted, and the lesson continued as described in the article.

To teach a dog to jump over a stick is a very simple matter. The best plan is to begin by inducing him to get over a piece of board which you hold edgewise on the ground. It is necessary to have a piece of board, especially if the dog is small, because if you begin with a stick the dog will want to get

under it. Encourage the dog to get over the board by holding out a scrap of food or by coaxing him, and then raise the board an inch or two from the ground.

When this part of the lesson has been thoroughly learnt, take a narrower board, and afterwards you may use a stick or you may hold out your arm. The trick is easily taught, and a healthy dog generally delights in showing it off.

Teaching a dog to jump.—(1) The dog, not being able to crawl under the board, soon learns to jump over it, and obtains a piece of sugar as his reward. When the lesson is learnt the board may be raised from the ground.

Teaching a dog to jump. (1) The width of the board is gradually decreased until the dog will jump over a walking-stick.

Perhaps the most difficult trick of all is to teach a dog to walk in and out between one's legs as one walks along. You begin by having the dog behind you. Take one step with the right leg, keep the leg outstretched and encourage the dog to walk under your legs. Then lead him gently round your right leg, and at the same time you advance your left leg so that he walks through your legs again. The dog is simply taught to walk in and out between your legs as you walk. At first he will have to be led very gently through the lesson, and it is rather a troublesome matter to do this, but the trick is very effective when it is properly performed.

Teaching a dog not to get lost in a crowd. The dog is taught to walk in and out of his master's legs. A piece of sugar held in the hand during the first few lessons tells the direction in which to walk.

In conclusion, a few general hints may be useful. Never lose your temper, and never have a long lesson. Cultivate patience; if you are not by nature patient, and do not think you can learn to be patient, do not try to teach a dog anything. The room in which the dog is being taught must be quite quiet. Any other person but yourself would distract the dog's attention. One trainer assured me that he could not teach a dog except during the middle of the night, because the sounds that the dog heard disturbed him. Never try to teach a dog that is not in perfect health. Never give a lesson after the dog has had a hearty meal, or if the dog is tired. Finally, study your dog's peculiarities. Some dogs will learn one particular lesson very quickly, other dogs will never seem to understand what you want them to do. Do not bore your dog by showing him off too frequently. If

he has been well trained he will always be full of life, in the best possible spirits, and quite keen to show people what a very clever dog he is. If, on the other hand, he is badly trained, he will slink through his tricks as though he had the fear of a whip constantly before his eyes. The average dog is quite

Minding the baby. "You think I'm not jealous?"

"But I am!"

ready and anxious to do what you want him to do, and if he appears to be stupid the fault is probably not his; he is merely uncertain as to your meaning. It is a fact, although many amateur trainers hardly appreciate it, that a dog does not really understand every word that is said to him. He merely gives you the appearance of understanding, and the business of the trainer is to help him. To do this the trainer should not speak constantly to the dog that is being taught, but should content himself with repeating over and over again the exact words of command that he intends to use always. The dog must be handled very gently or he will not understand at all what he is to do. Teach by degrees. If, for instance, you want your dog to roll over when you tell him to, put him on the ground and turn him over on his back once, so that if he was lying with his feet towards you when you began the lesson, he was lying with his feet away from you at the close. When you have got him to roll once by himself it will be time to persuade him to continue to roll. Most little dogs like this trick.

Be careful that you do not punish your dog unintentionally by laughing at him, as dogs are very sensitive. One occasionally comes across a dog that appears to see the humorous side of things. There was a dog once that would start going through his tricks if a piece of sugar were shown to him. He generally began by begging, and when he found that that performance did not bring the sugar, he would solemnly walk across the room on his hind legs. Then he would lie dead for a time or would roll over and over on the carpet. At the conclusion of each trick he would stop and look up at the owner of the sugar to see if he had hit upon the particular trick required. He seemed to know that that look of inquiry was rather comical.

A Duologue.

By A. Demain Grange.

Characters: Madge Wilson. Jim Blake.

Scene: A Boat-house on the Thames.

Time: About four o'clock on a summer's afternoon.

The scene represents a daintily-furnished room occupying the upper portion of a boat-house. There is a door on the right, and a small bay window, with a window-seat, at the back; through the window a glimpse of the river can be seen beneath a striped sun-awning. Near the centre is a table, with a basket-chair on the left, and another chair on the right. Flowers, Japanese lanterns, etc., are disposed about the room. The scene is at first dully lighted, and drops of water are falling steadily from the edge of the awning.

Madge Walton is discovered standing at the window, looking disconsolately out. She is dressed in a light-blue linen costume, and holds a magazine tightly rolled up in her hand.

Madge. Bother the rain! It may be good for the crops, but it has spoilt our walk, and quite ruined my new muslin. Not that it matters very much—about the walk, I mean. Captain Bolsover was horribly uninteresting, and rather duller than the weather. He scarcely spoke all the way, and when he did it was in short, jerky sentences that showed he was thinking about something else all the time. I wasn't half sorry when it began to rain, and we had to turn back. Monosyllables are apt to become monotonous, and you can't very well carry on a conversation with a man who answers, "Um—yes—just so," to everything. It is about as satisfactory as talking to the average parrot. (*Turns from the window, and comes to the basket-chair in which she sits, absently screwing up the magazine.*) I didn't want to go for a walk with Captain Bolsover, really. But since Jim has taken to giving Lucy Desmond punting lessons, I've had nobody to go about with, and a girl can't enjoy herself properly *alone*. At least, *other people* don't think she is enjoying herself, and that comes to very much the same thing. (*After a slight pause.*) I don't know that I quite like Lucy Desmond as much as I did. She is very changeable, and I am afraid she is rather inclined to *flirt*. Only last week I could have vowed she was on the point of becoming engaged to Captain Bolsover, and now—well, now it's Jim. Not, of course, that it matters to me in the very slightest, only I—I thought—— (*At this moment there is a loud noise in the boat-house, as of someone bringing in a punt. She rises, laying the magazine on the table, and goes quickly to the window.*) Ah! it is Jim and Lucy. They have returned, and— (*Kneeling on the seat and peering out of the window.*) Yes, they've had a *lovely* soaking! Oh, I am—— (*Pauses abruptly as a man's voice is heard saying: "Run up to the house. I'll come when I've tied up the punt."*) Poor girl! She looks like a drowned rat, and—and her muslin frock is *ever* so much worse than mine. (*Sits on the window seat.*) How very fortunate *I* didn't go out in the punt

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with Jim. They will feel so annoyed when they find me sitting here, dry and comfortable, while they cut such sorry figures. But I forgot—they probably won't find me here. At least, not until they've changed, and that would spoil everything. I wonder if I could slip across to the house and meet them. It isn't far, and the rain has almost ceased. (*Rises and looks out of the window, then suddenly draws back.*) Good gracious! What is Jim doing? Why—yes—he is coming up here. What luck! (*Rushes to the basket-chair, and, seizing the magazine, proceeds to turn over the pages rapidly. After some moments Jim Blake enters. He is wearing a college blazer and cap, flannel trousers, and white buckskin boots. The collar of his blazer is turned up, his boots and trousers are splashed and stained, and his hair is plastered down on his forehead. Altogether he has the appearance of being very damp and uncomfortable. He starts and frowns slightly as he sees Madge.*)

JIM (*removing his cap*). Oh, I beg your pardon. (*She looks up with feigned surprise*). I hope I am not disturbing you?

MADGE (*stiffly*). Not in the least. (*Continues to read calmly. He looks at her doubtfully, and then goes slowly to the chair on the right of the table.*)

JIM (*sitting*). Er—very disagreeable weather, is it not?

MADGE. Very.

JIM. Most unpleasant to be out in.

MADGE. So I should imagine.

JIM (*staring at her*). Oh——

MADGE (*eyeing him askance*). You, apparently, have found it rather *damping*.

JIM. I?—oh—I'm all right! (*Turns down his collar and assumes a jaunty air.*)

MADGE. Are you? (*Smiling*) That is more than can be said for Miss Desmond, I fancy. She looks—well, rather *washed out*.

JIM (*quickly*). How do you know that?

MADGE (*airily*). Oh, I happened to glance out of the window as she was crossing the lawn.

JIM (*biting his lip*). Um—just so.

MADGE. I really felt quite sorry for her. She must have been *annoyed*.

JIM. On the contrary, she didn't mind a bit.

MADGE (*with a superior air*). You think not?

JIM. I'm sure of it. (*Loftily*) Miss Desmond isn't afraid of a few drops of rain.

MADGE. You surely don't call this a *few drops!* Why, it's a perfect deluge!

JIM (*commiseratingly*). Ah, yes; you must have got very wet walking.

MADGE (*drawing herself up*). Oh, dear, no. That is, nothing worth mentioning. As a matter of fact, I found it rather *refreshing* after the heat.

JIM. Oh! (*Pointedly*) That, I presume, is why you found it necessary to change your costume.

MADGE (*confusedly*). Yes—er—this one is so very much *cooler*. (*Quickly*) But don't you think *you* ought to go and change before you catch cold?

JIM (*easily*). I scarcely think *that* is necessary. You see, it isn't as if *I* had got wet through, and required to have my things dried. Besides, I rather like the sensations of coolness. It is so—er—refreshing.

MADGE (*coldly*). Oh!— (*There is a brief pause, during which she makes a pretence of being deeply interested in the magazine, while he stealthily removes some of the moisture from his coat with his pocket-handkerchief, eyeing her furtively as he does so.*)

JIM (*in a casual tone*). You must have had a miserable walk.

MADGE (*sharply*). Quite the reverse. I enjoyed myself immensely.

JIM (*elevating his eyebrows*). Indeed!

MADGE. The country was looking lovely, and the Captain was most entertaining.

JIM (*scornfully*). He would have no difficulty in being *that*.

MADGE (*haughtily*). You forget that Captain Bolsover is a very great friend of mine.

JIM. At present.

MADGE (*indignantly*). What do you mean?

JIM (*gloomily*). *I* was a very great friend of yours—once.

MADGE. Oh! (*Lowers the magazine and stares at him with a puzzled expression on her face. Then, as he meets her gaze, she looks away hurriedly.*) That—that was before we—before you showed such a marked disinclination for my company.

JIM (*protestingly*). I beg your pardon——

MADGE. Or perhaps I should say, before you showed such a marked preference for somebody else's company.

JIM (*stiffly*). You allude to Miss Desmond?

MADGE (*vaguely*). I—I don't think we need discuss the matter any further.

JIM. Very well, if you prefer not.

MADGE. Of course I prefer not. (*With a shrug*). Lucy Desmond is nothing to me.

JIM (*smiling*). That is unfortunate, because she is something to *me*.

MADGE (*starting violently*). Oh! you mean——?

Madge (after a slight pause, fingering the pages of the magazine nervously): "You—really like her?"

JIM. She is a charming girl, and a *very great friend of mine.* (*Rises and turns towards the window. The light outside has become much brighter, and the rain-drops have ceased to fall from the edge of the awning.*)

MADGE (*after a slight pause, fingering the pages of the magazine nervously*). You—really like her?

JIM (*turning*). Naturally I do. She is so bright and cheerful, and so thoroughly good-natured.

MADGE (*smiling*). That is exactly what I found the Captain to be.

JIM (*pensively*). And I rather think she likes me, too.

MADGE (*thoughtfully*). The Captain was most *attentive.*

JIM (*scowling*). He is a conceited ass!

MADGE (*vindictively*). It has always struck me that Lucy Desmond was an artful little minx.

JIM (*angrily*). That's just like a woman!

MADGE (*scornfully*). Men *never* run each other down behind their backs!

JIM (*uneasily*). Oh, well—that's different.

MADGE (*laughing*). The difference is rather hard to see.

JIM (*glaring at her*). Some people can't see *anything.*

MADGE (*with a shrug*). No. Otherwise they wouldn't be so easily taken in.

JIM. By a plausible fellow like Captain Bolsover.

MADGE. Or a little humbug like Lucy Desmond.

JIM (*fiercely*). She isn't a humbug! She—she is one of the best-hearted little women I have ever met.

MADGE (*defiantly*). Captain Bolsover is quite one of the nicest men I know.

JIM (*thrusting his hands into his pockets*). Pah! (*Turns his back upon her and stares frowningly out of the window. She shrugs her shoulders and settles herself to read the magazine, with much ostentatious rustling of the leaves. A strong light appears upon the awning, as if the sun were shining. He glances at her hesitatingly, and then moves slowly towards the door.*) As it is fine again, I think I shall go and ask Miss Desmond if she would care to finish her lesson in punting.

MADGE (*jumping up and throwing down the magazine*). Yes, and perhaps Captain Bolsover will be glad to resume our walk.

JIM (*pausing by the door*). I expect he is playing billiards with the pater.

MADGE. I don't think so. (*Mysteriously*) In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if he was waiting for me.

JIM (*frowningly*). I wouldn't count on that if I were you.

MADGE (*smiling sweetly*). Oh, yes, you would! But I don't think Lucy Desmond is so keen on learning to punt as she pretends to be.

JIM (*suavely*). You are quite mistaken there. With *her* figure——

MADGE (*impatiently*). Don't be absurd! What has a figure got to do with punting?

JIM (*knowingly*). A good deal. (*In a confident tone.*) And then a quiet half hour in

a backwater, with—er—congenial company, has its attractions.

MADGE (*rather wistfully*). I—I suppose it has.

JIM. You thought so once, didn't you?

MADGE (*in a low voice*). Y-yes. (*Turns and moves away towards the chair on the right of the table.*)

JIM (*stroking his chin*). You remember those cosy little teas we used to have before—before——

MADGE. Oh, don't—don't talk about them now! (*Sinks on to the chair, pressing her hands to her eyes. He watches her irresolutely.*)

JIM (*taking a step towards her*). Hang it all, Madge—(*Pauses abruptly, as two voices—a man's and a woman's—are heard speaking outside. The voices grow louder, evidently approaching, and presently there is heard a rattling of chains in the boat-house, accompanied by some whispering and a hearty peal of laughter. Jim and Madge regard one another blankly.*)

MADGE (*rising*). Jim!

JIM (*starting*). The deuce! (*They both rush to the window, and kneeling upon the seat, look cautiously out.*)

MADGE (*turning to him*). It's—it's Lucy and Captain Bolsover!

JIM (*peering below*). And they're going off together in the dinghy.

MADGE. Oh! (*Rises and moves towards the basket-chair. He turns and looks after her doubtfully.*)

JIM (*coming slowly down*). It seems to me we have both been rather *sold*

MADGE (*sitting in the chair*). Yes, it does rather.

JIM. We are evidently not wanted.

MADGE. Of course not. They can dispense with our services now that they have made it up.

JIM. I see. (*Sits on the edge of the table and swings his leg thoughtfully.*) I suppose they—well, care for one another.

MADGE (*smiling*). It looks like it, doesn't it? Only people who *cared* for one another would quarrel and make it up like that.

JIM. H'm! (*After a slight pause*). By the way, has it occurred to you that we are pretty much in the same boat?

MADGE. Oh, I hope not!

JIM. Why?

MADGE (*demurely*). I shouldn't like to think they have been saying the same things about *us* that we have said about *them*.

JIM. Er—no. You wouldn't care, for instance, to be called an artful little minx and a humbug.

MADGE (*slyly*). Any more than you would care to be called a conceited ass.

JIM (*hastily*). Yes—exactly. (*There is another pause, during which his glance wanders furtively from her to the window and back again. Their eyes meet; he rises and goes towards her slowly.*) I say—it has turned out a lovely afternoon after all.

MADGE (*looking upon the ground*). Yes.

JIM (*bending over the chair*). Isn't it rather a pity to waste it indoors?

MADGE (*softly*). I—I think so, Jim.

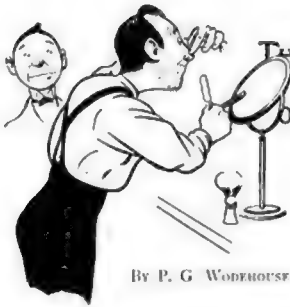
JIM (*laying his hand on hers*). The storm is over, the sun is shining, and—and the punt is waiting. Shall we go?

MADGE (*jumping up, with a bright smile*). Oh yes, let's!

JIM (*gaily*). Right you are—*let's*. (*Slips his arm round her waist, and they run out laughingly together through the door.*)

CURTAIN.

This duologue is well-adapted for private performance. Any amateurs who desire to make use of it for entertaining their friends should apply for permission to the Editor, "The Royal Magazine," 17 & 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



THE BALLAD OF THE BEARD

By P. G. Wodehouse.

If you'll listen I will tell you, as concisely as I may
Of Madeline Trevelyan and Alonzo Bamstead Grey,
And how the latter's happiness completely disappeared
When, to satisfy his lady-love, he tried to grow a beard.

One evening, as Alonzo at his lady's feet reclined,
"My Madeline," he murmured, "would you tell me (be so kind)
If you find me, as a lover, lacking all defect and blot?"
And she answered: "Well, Alonzo, to be candid, I do not!"

"My angel is it possible! You fill me with surprise!
In what precise essential would you have me otherwise?
Oh, tell me, lest my character be permanently scared."
And she answered: "Oh, Alonzo, I do *wish* you'd grow a beard.

"You're nice and tall, and well set-up; you've *such* a lovely waist;
You play the flute and Sousaphone correctly and with taste;
Your name is in Debrett and Burke; you've hazel eyes; but, oh!
You will never be perfection till your beard begins to grow.

"Remember how repeatedly, to prove that you were true,
You have begged me, dear, to set you something difficult to do;
Fierce bears and lions you've expressed your eagerness to kill.
Oh, spare their lives, but grow a beard!" Alonzo said, "I will."

He embarked upon his mission optimistic, brave, and gay;
Neglected in his dressing-case his trusty razors lay;
Till shortly, he observed with joy, the wished-for change set in.
(He scratched his hand one morning when he tried to stroke his chin.

His valet looked contemptuous, but Alonzo did no flinch.
Within a week the crop had grown to more than half-an-inch;
His heart was light; he knew no grief; he carolled, capered, hopped;
When suddenly to his dismay the growth abruptly stopped.

As when a merry motor-car stops absolutely dead,
And eke to gain some private end, declines to forge ahead,
Though *chauffeur* toils and crowds collect and luckless riders rave
Precisely thus that nascent beard elected to behave.

Alonzo's classic countenance, once beautiful to view,
Resembled now a tooth-brush—and a tooth-brush far from new;
His eyes assumed a haggard look, his brow was lined with care.
His friends began to cut him; passers-by began to stare.

His life became a burden. He was forced to shun the park;
The theatres ceased to know him; he stayed in till after dark;
And when this lack of exercise his health began to wreck
He slunk about the Borough with a muffler round his neck.

At last upon his Madeline reluctantly he called.
She met him in the drawing-room, and staggered back appalled:
"Alonzo! You're a perfect *sight!* Why *ever* aren't you shaved?"
He could not stop to argue, but he simply shouted "Saved!"

He saw she had forgotten what she'd ordered him to do,
But he did not stay to tell her so. He took his hat and flew.
And when the barber's razor chanced to cut his stubbly chin,
He gave the man a five-pound note, and said "Go in and win."

The moral of this story is especially designed
To be of use to gentlemen whom love has rendered blind.
Let not her will, persistently, be thwarted by your won't,
But if she bids you grow a beard, be warned in time and don't.

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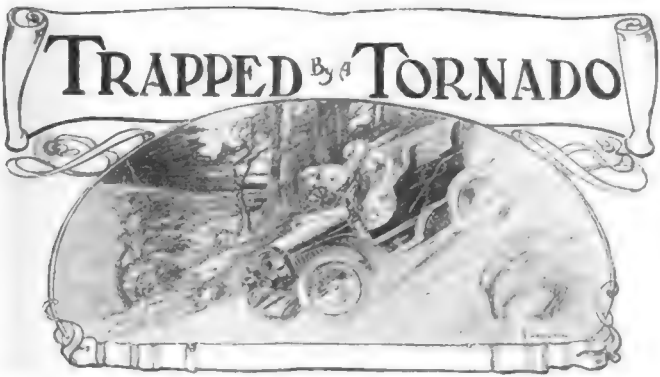
TRAPPED By a TORNADO



A Canadian Story of a Wild Race Between the God of the Winds and Cupid.

By Frederick Upham Adams.

"Do you know anything about that brand of machine, Smith?" asked Harding, the railway magnate, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking suspiciously at a huge touring car.

"I know all about it," confidently declared the young man addressed; "I have one like it myself."

"Then you can do something for me, if you will," responded the millionaire. "I'm going to take the next train to my home at Oak Cliff, and shall stay overnight and part of to-morrow. We have visitors due at dinner here to-morrow evening, but there is no train from Oak Cliff within hours of the right time, and it has occurred to me that Mrs. Harding and Grace might come for me in the new red machine. How far is it by road?"

"About forty miles," eagerly answered Smith.

"Rather rough and hilly, isn't it?"

"Very rough and hilly," promptly declared Smith.

"That's what I told Grace," mused Mr. Harding. "She thinks she could handle the machine—but she thinks she can handle anything. Mrs. Harding and Grace would like the trip; will you run the motor for them?"

"I shall be delighted to do so," asserted Smith, and he told the strict truth.

This conversation took place on the lawn of the headquarters of the Woodvale Golf Club. Smith had fallen in love with Grace Harding the first time he saw her on those exclusive links. In the early stages of his infatuation all had gone smoothly, but the moment he decided to risk an open avowal of his love, the Fates interfered in ways positively uncanny.

After a series of distressing events, the death of an uncle called him to California, and when he returned he learnt that the Hardings were to sail for the Continent in a few days. It was at this crisis that the father of the one girl on earth innocently offered him a chance which made him supremely happy.

It was arranged that they should start at half-past one o'clock, so as to have plenty of time. Smith had determined on his plan of campaign. He would make a quick journey to Oak Cliff and reach there fully two hours ahead of the time arranged for their return. During these two hours he would elude Mr. and Mrs. Harding and have the charming daughter to himself. The plan seemed perfect, but, as usual, something happened.

The visitors who were expected to arrive in the evening came at noon. It was exasperating, and Smith gritted his teeth as he pictured himself making that trip alone.

He was silently cursing the chattering visitors who had the bad form to anticipate the hour arranged for their reception when Miss Harding came smilingly towards

him. He braced himself against the inevitable. "Mamma cannot go," she said.

"And you?" he asked, hardly daring to hope for the best.

"They seemed glad to excuse me!" she laughed, and Smith could not control the grin which mantled his face.

The Fates had relented at last. For three hours he was to have the exclusive companionship of the woman he loved. Already he had selected the place where he would stop the machine and declare the love which was consuming him.

When they glided smoothly away from the club-house the front seat was occupied by a supremely happy gentleman named Smith, and by his side was the charming heiress to the Harding millions. They waved their hands to the elderly group on the verandah, and in a minute more were on the main road.

Smith had been so absorbed in the unfolding of this situation that he had taken no note of the weather. For weeks there had been a succession of warm and cloudless days, and he had come to accept their continuance as a matter of course. He was not unfamiliar with the visible and occult signs of meteorological conditions, and had found the study a fascinating one.

There was not a breath of air stirring. The atmosphere was stagnant, like a pool of water on which the sun has beaten during rainless weeks. The dried tops of the swamp grass and reeds pointed, motionless, to the heat-quivering sky. The dust cast up by the car hung over the road like a ribbon of fog.

The woods to the left shut off a view of the western sky, but he was certain that the clouds of an approaching storm were already marshalled along its horizon. When they shot into a clearing he took one swift look.

From north to south was spanned the sweeping curve of a grey cloud with just a tinge of yellow blended into it. An ordinary observer would have seen in it no premonition of a storm. It was smooth, light in colour, and restful to the eye as compared with the angry blue from out which the sun blazed.

The upper edges of this innocent-looking mass were unbroken save at one point near the zenith of its curve, from which protruded the sharper edges of a thunder cloud.

It was as if some titanic and unseen hand were lifting to the firmament a colossal head of cauliflower, its shaded portions beautifully toned with blue and orange.

Smith said no word of his certainty of the oncoming tempest. He dared not loiter, but he yet had faith in his luck, so he threw on full speed and dashed ahead.

From the turn in the road beyond the clearing he headed directly into the line of march of the storm. He had made his calculation, and it told him that they would reach Oak Cliff before the rain began to fall, but he realised it would be close work.

Perhaps the menacing cloud was propitious to his cause?

Miss Harding leant over and said something, but the whir of the machinery and the swaying of the car made conversation difficult.

"Why this mad haste?" she repeated, her head so close that her hair brushed his cheek.

He returned a non-committal smile, and again fixed his eyes on the road, which was slipping towards them like a huge belt propelled by invisible pulleys.

The miles kept pace with the minutes. Suddenly the sun was blotted out. When he lifted his eyes he saw birds circling high in the sky. The cattle in the adjacent fields lifted their heads and moved uneasily, as if some instinct sounded a warning in their dull brains. Above the trees he saw the skirmish line of the storm.

His companion had solved the secret of the wild dash. For a quarter of an hour she hung to the swaying seat, and said no word. Once he looked into her eyes, and read in them that she understood.

They tore through a little village and paid no heed to the angry shouts and menacing gestures of the local police-constable. Oak Cliff was only twelve miles away! Could they make it?

The restful greys of the cloud had disappeared, and low down on the horizon he saw a belt of bluish black, and, as he looked, a bolt of lightning jabbed through it. They were then running parallel with the tempest, and he believed he could beat it to Oak Cliff.

Even if he failed, he felt sure of reaching the little hamlet of Pine Top, and from there on so many villages were scattered about the country that it would be easy to get to shelter.

Between them and Pine Top was a wilderness practically unbroken; a section reserved as a source of water supply for the great city to the south of them. Into that wilderness they dashed.

There was exhilaration in this race. Each looked into the other's face, and they laughed as a nearer flash threw a sickening glare across the landscape. It was grand to

measure speed with Nature—to know that the powerful machine was speeding faster than the wind.

"We shall not melt if it does rain!" shouted Smith, as they took a level stretch at forty-miles an hour; "but we'll beat it yet!"

Crouched well down, so as to escape the impact of the air, she made some reply, but it did not reach his ears, and the hill which reared itself in front of them demanded all his attention.

They were taking it with the second speed clutch, when a grating sound came to his alert ears, and with it an unnatural shudder of the machinery. He threw off the power and jammed on the brakes. As the car stopped, the deep bass of the thunder rolled over the hills.

"We're caught!" declared Miss Harding, but there was no fear in her voice.

"Not yet!" exclaimed Smith, springing from the car and beginning a frenzied examination of the cause of the breakdown. He doubted if it were serious.

"It is a mere trifle," he declared, thrusting his head from beneath the *tonneau*. "Hand me that small wrench, Miss Harding, please!"

But motor-car trifles demand minutes, and Nature did not postpone the resistless march of her storm battalions. As he toiled beneath the car he cursed the folly which had induced him to plunge into that desolate stretch of marsh and forest, when it would have been just as well to wait in the village they had passed.

The roar of the tempest's artillery became continuous. The low scud clouds, travelling with incredible velocity, blotted out the blue sky to the east, and darkness fell like a black shroud. He could not see to work beneath the car, and lost another minute searching for and lighting a candle.

In the uncanny gloom he saw the fair face of one he devotedly loved, and her safety was menaced by his bold folly. He realised that it was no ordinary storm then sweeping majestically upon them. He saw her form silhouetted against the black of a fir tree in the almost blinding glare of a flash of lightning.

"Just one minute, and I'll have it finished," he said, and she smiled bravely but said nothing.

There was still not a breath of air. The spires of the pine trees stood rigid as if cast in bronze.

This is the time when a storm strikes terror into the hearts of those who watch its oncoming. This is the awe-inspiring interval when, with straining eyes and beating heart, one realises how puny one is compared with the giant force of Nature.

With the first patter of the rain, and with

A huge limb was . . . across the roadway. . . . With a lurch and a leap they bounded over it.

Grasping her by the arm he . . . dragged her . . . to the old stone archway.

the onrushing of the wind, one experiences a sensation of relief, but it is nerve-racking to stand in that frightful calm and await the mighty charge of the unknown.

As Smith bolted the displaced part into its proper adjustment, he took a certain satisfaction in reflecting that his calculation of the speed of the machine and of the storm had been accurate. Were it not for the ten minutes lost they would have been in Oak Cliff.

Of a sudden he remembered that there was a farmhouse not far ahead. He started the engine and leapt into the car.

"Only a mile to shelter!" he exclaimed; "I think we can do it. Where are the storm aprons?"

"We forgot them," she said.

"I forgot them, you mean. Hold fast; it's a rough road!"

The red car leapt forward.

Never had he witnessed anything like the vividness of that lightning. With a crash which sounded as if the gods had shattered the vault of the heavens, a bolt streamed into a tree not a hundred yards ahead. A huge limb was torn off and fell across the roadway. It was impossible to stop!

"Duck, and hold fast to me!" he yelled, and with a lurch and a leap they bounded over it.

The pace was frightful. They were going down hill with full speed on. The trees swayed with the first gust of the tempest, and he felt a spit of rain in his face.

The crash of the thunder, the roar of the wind through the tree-tops, the drumming of the exhaust, and the clatter of the swaying car, beat on their ears, but he did not touch a lever to abate the speed of their flight.

A few hundred yards ahead was a stone culvert spanning the bed of a creek whose waters, years before, had been diverted to a reservoir a mile or so to the west. Save at rare intervals the bed of this creek was dry. Here was a place of shelter!

As the recollection of this old culvert came to Smith he raised his eyes from the road and saw something which drove the blood from his heart.

A quarter of a mile ahead was a grey wall of rain, and dimly through it he saw huge trees mount in the air and twist and gyrate like leaves caught up in an air eddy.

It was a race for the culvert, with the odds

in favour of the tornado. Smith held his speed until the last second and then jammed on the brakes as they rushed down the rocky road leading to the old ford. He stopped almost on the edge of the dry bed of the creek, with the embankment to their left.

Miss Harding leapt to the ground and stood dazed for an instant. Smith stumbled as he jumped, but was on his feet like a flash. The arch of the culvert was only a few feet away, but had they not been protected by the embankment they would have been beaten down and killed ere they reached its shelter.

Gravel and pebbles from the roadway above were dashed into their faces by the advance blast of the tornado. Grasping her by the arm he dragged or carried her, he knew not which, to the yawning but welcome opening of the old stone archway so fortunately near.

They cannot describe the scene which followed. It was as if the earth were in its death throes.

They were tossed back and forth in this tunnel, a resistless suction pulling them first towards one entrance and then towards the other, only to be hurled back by buffeting blows. There was a sense of suffocation, as if the lightning had burnt the air. Their nostrils were filled with the fumes, of sulphur, and they looked in to each other's eyes only when some near flash penetrated the awful blackness of what seemed their living tomb.

A tree was dashed across the west opening, one twisted limb projecting well into the culvert. They could not distinguish the crashes of thunder from those of the hurtling trees, or from the demoniac roar of the tornado.

All their senses were assailed by the unleashed furies of the tempest, crazed with rage that these two were just beyond their reach.

They cannot say how long this lasted, but there came a moment of appalling silence. The tornado had passed! With this strange calm the darkness lifted slightly and they knew that the crisis was over.

They were in the centre of the tunnel, the rapidly-rising water swirling at their feet. He became aware that he was supporting her with his arm, and that her head was resting on his shoulder. Though the tornado had passed, the storm still raged fiercely, but its din seemed silence compared with what had preceded it.

"Are — are you hurt?" she faltered, gently trying to release herself. "Are we going to be drowned?"

"I don't know —I don't think so," he faltered, bracing himself against the rising waters and clasping her closer, as if in fear the flood and tempest would drag her from him. "It would be just my luck, for I want to tell you something. I——"

A crash of thunder reverberated through the walls of their prison.

"I want to tell you that I love you!" he declared ere its echoes had died away. "I love you, I love you, and unless I tell you now I may never get another chance. I have been trying to tell you this for more than a month, and if we never get out of here I

He lifted her to his left shoulder, and with his free right arm braced himself against the wall of the tunnel.

want you to know that I love you! Do you love me, darling?"

"I—I don't know—I think I do," she replied hesitatingly, a slight suspicion of laughter in her voice. "But, Jack, the water is awfully deep and wet. Is there any danger?"

"Not the least!" he declared joyously. "Do you think I would let you die in this old culvert? I am the happiest man in the world! It is growing lighter. Here's a ledge on which you can stand."

A few feet away was a narrow shelf two feet or more above the bed of the creek, and he helped her to obtain a footing on it.

"If the water rises until it gets up to that," he said gaily, "we will have to take our chances out in the storm. The rain will not kill us. Do not be in the least alarmed, darling; no harm shall come to us—now."

It was pouring in torrents. Though the crippled creek drained only a small territory, the flood had already reached his knees. He waded to the east opening and took a glance at the sky. The outlook was not encouraging.

"We can stand another foot and a half rise," he said, laughing. "Are you all right up there, darling?"

"I feel fairly safe," she declared; "though it is all I can do to keep on my feet."

Even as she spoke the water rose several inches in one wave, and he surmised what had happened. The water was checked by a dam which had formed below. In less than a minute it had risen a foot, and was at her shoe tops.

"We're drowned out!" he exclaimed. "Now be steady, and we'll be out of here in a jiffy!"

He lifted her to his left shoulder, and with his free right arm braced himself against the wall of the tunnel. The muddy water reached to his waist, and struggled fiercely against him, but her skirts were clear of it. A fall would have been serious. Once he slipped, but he safely reached the opening and struggled up the bank.

The rain had almost ceased, but they did not notice that. They stood spell-bound, gazing on a scene of unspeakable devastation.

To the north, west, and south-west the wood lay prone, like a field of wind-swept corn. Huge oaks and pines were tossed in grotesque windrows, their gnarled roots projecting above the prostrate foliage. The once proud trees lay like brave soldiers after a battle, their limbs rigid in the contorted attitudes of death.

The line of the tornado was clearly marked to the north, but the hills shot off the view to the west. The road to Pine Top was one mass of trunks and twisted limbs, but, so far as they could see, the road in the other direction was clear, there being no woods to the right.

At first glance they thought that their car was a wreck. It has been lifted and hurled on its side against a partially dismantled stone wall. It was half hidden by a branch of a tree, and its rear wheels were partly buried in mud and *débris*.

As they stood silent and awe-stricken amidst this manifestation of the insignificance of man, the sun burst forth from behind a laggard cloud. The effect was theatrical. It was as the throwing of a limelight on a scene which marks the climax of some tense situation. Instinctively they lifted their hands and cheered for sheer joy.

"What care we for wrecked motor-cars and wet clothing?" he shouted; "we live; we live!"

"It is splendid to live!" she cried.

Then they returned to earth and the bedraggled motor-car. At the end of an hour's hard work the machine gave its first sure sign of returning consciousness, and a few minutes later the red monster stood coughing in the roadway.

Waving a kindly farewell to the shelter which had saved them, they took the back lane until they came to a road which led away from the course of the tornado. They arrived at Oak Cliff just in time to forestall an anxious railway magnate, who was hastily organising a searching party.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Smith are still partial to the charms of the country near the old stone culvert.

STORIES OF LOVE. STORIES OF AUDACITY. STORIES OF PATHOS.
STORIES OF CRIME. STORIES OF ADVENTURE. STORIES OF SOCIETY.
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IN FACT,

STORIES OF ALL SORTS

WILL BE FOUND IN

THE NOVEL MAGAZINE.

The Magic of a Beautiful Skin.

How with a Little Patience and the Aid of a Few Toilet Properties a Woman Can Have a Perfect Complexion.

. . By J. Glenfield. . .

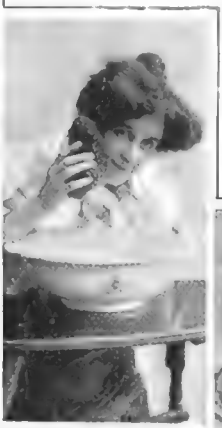
It is not given to every woman to possess beautifully-cut features, and it is not possible for her to acquire them by artificial means. But with the complexion the case is entirely different. The smoothness and the delicate colouring of a fair skin may be attained by anyone who sets about the matter in a scientific way.

And who will deny that the purity of the skin plays a most important part in the beauty of the face as a whole?

Scrubbing the face with a complexion brush.

Powders and paints are worse than useless, for they injure the complexion in the long run, and they proclaim the whited sepulchre to the most casual observer. To obtain a beautful skin we must start deeper than the surface.

The first thing to set right is the general health. Unless that is buoyant, the face cannot be other than sallow.



Sponging with cold water after scrubbing.

To have a healthy body, one must have a daily bath —cold or warm, according to the taste and constitution of the individual—and a steaming hot bath at least once a week. In the case of the latter, care must, of course, be taken to avoid an after chill.

The object in keeping the whole surface of the skin absolutely clean is to aid it in its work of throwing off all waste matter. If the skin is not equal to this, its appointed task, an unnecessary strain will be thrown upon the internal organs of the body. The kidneys will have more to do than they are capable of accomplishing, and the blood will in consequence become impure.

Applying massage cream by outward and upward movement.

Next to general cleanliness comes diet. The food must be nourishing and sufficiently abundant. But it is a common error to suppose that for body-building great quantities of food must be consumed. Enough will add to the general strength. Too much will overtax the digestion and spoil the whole tone of the body.

Certain foods should be carefully avoided by the woman

in search of a perfect complexion. Rich pastries, cheap sweets, and alcohol will ruin the fairest skin. These are to be shunned by all. Other things must be avoided by the individual if she finds by experience that they do not agree with her. For instance, some women can eat cucumber and benefit therefrom, while in the case of others it spells indigestion.

Drink milk and water as much as you like; in fact, it is profitable to drink more of them than you wish to. Prudence demands that neither these nor any other cold liquid shall be taken when you are hot, for internal inflammation is the penalty.

Get as much fresh air as you can. If you do not live in the country, you can still obtain the necessary amount of oxygen by inhaling deeper than would otherwise be necessary. Don't wear clothes that impede the full action of the lungs; remember that oxygen spells good blood, and without that a perfect complexion cannot be acquired.

A certain amount of exercise is essential to physical well-being, but the exercise that is good for a man is not necessarily good for a woman. She requires something that demands activity rather than strength and endurance, for she has no desire to spoil the beauty of her figure by making it too muscular, her only requirement being a game that will make her blood circulate more freely and her muscles more elastic. Tennis will be found to meet her every want in this direction.

Sleep is all-important. If too little be taken, the body has not time to free itself of the waste matters with which the labours of the day have clogged it; if the hours of slumber be too long extended the sleeper rises heavy and dull. It is not possible to support the old rule of eight hours. The right time is what each one finds by experience to best suit her own case. As a general rule, the woman who works with her brain will need more sleep than her sister who works with her hands.

The final essential to health is the acquirement of that mental condition which banishes worry. Thought is one thing; worry is another. The one is eminently profitable. The other accomplishes nothing good, and makes real health impossible. Worry is a luxury that no one can afford to take up.

When a condition of general well-being has been attained, then, and then only, need we turn our attention to the treatment of the skin itself. Without this healthy foundation to build upon, our efforts to find the perfect complexion will be fruitless.

To have a beautiful face you must have a clean one, clean not on the surface merely, but right through the skin. For this purpose it is necessary that at least once a week the face should be steamed. The appliances are of the simplest kind—a basin half full of boiling water and a bath-towel.

Hold your face over the steam, and place the towel over your head, so as to form a miniature vapour bath. You will find it impossible to breathe the hot steam, so you must take a long breath before you cover your head with the towel. Expose your face to the vapour for a minute or so, and then lift the towel for another breath of air. When you have filled your lungs, plunge your head in the steam once more.

This treatment will make the perspiration flow from every pore, and the perspiration will take all foreign matter with it. When the water cools and the steam ceases to rise, plunge your face into a basin of cold water. This sudden change will stimulate the skin and make it clear.

So much for the weekly vapour bath. On ordinary days simply wash your face with soap and water and a sponge. Many women object to soap because it makes the face peel. The fault lies not in the principle, but in the soap. For a tender skin a mild soap must be used, while for a greasy skin a strong soap may be applied without evil effects, and even with advantage. The best plan is to find out the soap that suits you and stick to it. Use a rubber complexion-brush if your face will stand it.

Should the face be thoroughly washed in the morning or in the evening? For many the evening ablution is the more convenient, as to be done properly it requires considerable time. But where possible it should be done in the morning, to insure that the face will look its freshest and brightest during the day. The face should be sponged with water only as often as circumstances allow.

Next to washing, the most important process is massage. Health will make the skin clear and bright, but it will not remove the marks of time. It is necessary that the woman who attempts to massage her face should know the elements of the science; otherwise she is likely to accentuate the very wrinkles she is so anxious to remove.

The great principle is that all rubbing should be in an upward direction, from the chin to the cheekbones, from the eyes to the temples. Face lines usually run in a down-

First movement of massaging the face.

Vibratory movement, which is a splendid remedy for sunken eyes.

Rub the cheeks well with a rotary movement.

Face massage: Rubbing towards the temples.

How to take away wrinkles between the eyes.

ward direction, and the stretching and pulling must necessarily be in the opposite way.

Begin at the corners of the mouth and rub upwards and outwards, not heavily, but with sufficient firmness. This will remove the lines about the bottom of the cheeks.

For crows' feet at the corners of the eyes, work upon the same lines—thistime, however, introducing a circular movement as well as an upward.

To remedy the unsightly defect of sunken or baggy eyes, place the middle finger of each hand upon the lower eyelids, and shake the arm gently. This will exercise the flabby muscles and make them as healthy and firm as Nature intended them to be.

If there is a suggestion of a five-barred gate on the forehead, place the tips of the fingers directly above the nose, and massage outwards.

Finished movement. The fingers follow the line of the eyebrows.

Rubbing the forehead to remove lines. Commencement of movement.

Steaming the face over a basin of hot water.

Hollow cheeks may be filled out by the gentle stimulation of rubbing. Eyebrows may be trained into any desired curve by the same means. If the corners of the mouth have a tendency to droop, they may be set right in the same way.

When rubbing the face it is always advisable to use some sort of unguent, for without that the skin may be irritated and roughened. The best lubrication is vaseline, for it is a mineral, and has not the fault of encouraging the growth of hair upon the face, which is common to all animal fats.

The face should be massaged for a quarter of an hour every night, and the ointment used in the process left on till morning. It will nourish the skin and make it pliable.

To keep the skin in a soft and pliable condition is the best way to prevent wrinkles, for if the skin is elastic it will straighten itself out, though the lines of mirth or sorrow may have appeared upon it for the moment.

Above all things, avoid drugs and artificial beauty promoters. These may improve the skin for the time being, but disaster will inevitably follow their use. The best way to attain beauty is to be clean, and to exercise the skin in the manner shown.

All this will assure you a beautiful face, but remember that perfect beauty demands a perfect character. Expression is everything, and it will make the plainest face sweet.

Expression can be acquired also, but the process is not as simple as complexion making.

To improve the expression you must improve the character. The kind woman will always look kind, but the cruel can never appear lovable, try how she may.

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS.

The History of an Effort in Cookery.

By G. E. Farrow.

> The Queen of Hearts
> She made some tarts,
> All on a Summer's day;
> The Knave of Hearts
> He stole those tarts,
> And took them *quite* away.
> —*Old Nursery Rhyme.*

Of course, everybody knows that the King of Diamonds is very wealthy, so are Their Majesties the Kings of Spades and of Clubs; for the King of Spades made *his* money by going into trade, and the King of Clubs won his by fighting with his neighbours and annexing their territory; only the King of Hearts is poor, and he has very little to offer the sweet lady who came to be his bride and to share his throne with him but his love. And *that* she has entirely. So they are often very happy, despite the monetary difficulties which, somehow or another, are always cropping up.

"I really think, my dear," said the Queen one day, "that you will have to get rid of our Chancellor of the Exchequer; he never seems to be able to make both ends meet somehow, and whenever he comes to see you, you seem so troubled, and unlike yourself, that I am sure you are worrying more than you ought over money matters."

"I don't think that it is his fault, my love," answered the King, who was sitting beside her on the terrace by the lawn; "and if I had anyone else in his place I'm afraid that it would be much the same. Money is very scarce just now everywhere, and no doubt he does his best. Besides, he has a most hopeful scheme which I am to discuss with him to-day. He proposes to tax all unkind words spoken between husbands and wives, and also to tax husbands who stay at their clubs beyond a certain hour at night; and he has an even more brilliant idea of taxing all wives who spend more than a limited amount at bargain sales—all these are most excellent schemes, and likely not only to add to our revenue, but also to exercise a beneficial influence over our beloved subjects."

The King spoke quite hopefully, as usual, and after fondly kissing Her Majesty he went off humming a tune to his interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Queen of Hearts watched him out of sight, and then sat musing for some time.

"I believe," she thought, "the King is more worried than he cares to tell me. I do wish I could help him somehow—but what am I to do? He doesn't like me to interfere in State affairs—and—and—oh! I have it," Her Majesty cried, starting to her feet and clapping her hands; "of course I must cut down expenses at the Castle. Economise. It's really disgraceful what a lot of money we spend on officials whom I am sure we could quite well do without. Now, let me think," Her Majesty went on, walking backwards and forwards in front of the sun-dial; "where had I better begin? With the housekeeping I should think. I'm quite sure we don't require all those servants in the kitchen. I believe that there are ever so many more than are necessary. I'll go and see."

Just then His Majesty's page, Johannes, or John—as his name was, and who was often called Jack for short—came running out of the Fives Court, where he had been amusing himself, for the King had told him that his services would not be required during the afternoon.

"Jack! Jack!" called Her Majesty.

"Your Majesty!" replied Jack, throwing down his ball, and bending one knee as he removed the cap from his head.

"Do you know where the kitchens are, and will you take me thither at once? I have a mind to see them," said the Queen.

"Your Majesty, I will ask the Lord High Chamberlain to tell the Chief Butler to inform the Royal Cook that your Majesty will

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graciously condescend to visit the culinary department," said the page respectfully.

"Nonsense!" cried the Queen, tapping impatiently with her pretty little foot; "I want to go at once. Come, show me the way." And Jack, looking greatly bewildered at this sudden freak of Her Majesty's, rose from his knee, and walked backwards before the Queen till they came to the entrance to the royal kitchens.

The Lord High Cook in Ordinary, who came to the door in person to answer the loud knock which the King's page gave, started and nearly fell to the floor in astonishment when he saw who his visitors were.

"Y—your—M—majesty!" he gasped.

nor healthful to have all these things; and, just to show you that it will be quite possible to prepare a dinner for His Majesty and myself—especially when we are quite alone—without all this fuss, I intend to cook the dinner myself to-day."

"Y-your Majesty" gasped the Lord High Cook in a horrified voice. "Does your Majesty really mean——"

"Yes, of course," declared the Queen. "Come, send all these people away. I'll show you exactly what I mean."

It will be seen by this that Her Majesty was a very decided person indeed, and very

The Lord High Cook in Ordinary . . . nearly fell to the floor in astonishment when he saw who his visitors were.

"Yes—don't be nervous," said the Queen, smiling kindly as she stepped into the great hall. "I've only come to see what can be done towards cutting down expenses a little. Dear me!" she exclaimed, "what a lot of copper things, and tin things, and brass things, and *what* a quantity of people. What can they all find to do?"

"Oh! your Majesty—there is plenty for all to do here, I can assure your Majesty—what with soups and entrées and sweets, to say nothing of——" began the Lord High Cook, when Her Majesty interrupted him.

"Yes—that's just it," the Queen declared, "I am quite sure that it is neither necessary

soon the Lord High Cook was gasping more than ever as he saw the Queen set about in earnest the task she had undertaken.

"Let's see! We'll begin by making some tarts," said the Queen, laying her finger on her lips and thinking. "Yes, that's the thing to do evidently, for they will then be getting cold while we are cooking the other things," and she bustled the astonished Lord High Cook about, bidding him fetch this and that thing, for her to use in the manufacture of these wonderful tarts.

Poor dear, her intentions were excellent, but, unfortunately, the tarts turned out to be *anything* but a success. In fact, they were

very bad tarts—quite the worst tarts I should think that ever were made, for, when you come to think of it, what *should* a Queen know about making pastry? Still, as I said before, Her Majesty's intentions were unexceptionable, and, really, after all, that is the main thing, you know.

It was very unfortunate, however, that the tarts should have taken so long to make, for by the time they were finished, one of the footmen came to announce that afternoon tea was served in the amber drawing-room, and Her Majesty had to leave the kitchen in order to go to it.

Afterwards one of the ladies-in-waiting read to her, till Her Majesty, overtired with her unwonted labours, dropped off into a doze and didn't wake up till it was time for her to be dressed for dinner.

When Her Majesty came down again she found the King waiting for her with the best of good tempers and in an affectionate mood, so she determined to tell him at once of her little scheme for reducing the household expenses.

"What, dearest! You actually cooked the dinner yourself?" cried the King, kissing her fondly, "and all to try to help me a little. Oh! this is too much. Why you——"

But before His Majesty could finish the sentence two heralds came to the door and blew a blast on their trumpets, while another official, bearing a wand, bowed low, and announced that dinner was served; so the King, offering his hand to the Queen, led her through the double row of bowing servants who lined the corridor to the dining-hall, where the musicians in the music gallery were playing the National Anthem, and where dinner was to be served.

After the King and Queen were seated, there was an anxious consultation amongst the servants who usually waited at table, and the King gazed expectantly towards the door, as the Lord Chief Butler entered with his wand of office, followed by two footmen each carrying a golden salver bearing a covered dish; a whole troop of other footmen followed, each holding an empty silver salver before him.

The two dishes were placed before their Majesties and, after a flourish of trumpets, the covers were removed.

The Queen set about in earnest the task she had undertaken.

Both dishes contained tarts. *The* tarts. All very stodgy-looking and some slightly burnt.

"My dear!" cried the King, turning to Her Majesty. "What is this? Er—that is these—or rather I should say those?" For His Majesty was so surprised that he experienced a difficulty in expressing himself grammatically.

"Oh—I forgot to explain, dear," said the Queen, "that I hadn't time to cook an elaborate dinner, and I thought that, as we were dining alone to-day, something quite simple—er, in fact I'm afraid that there is nothing else besides these tarts."

"Tarts?" said the King, putting on his eyeglass and staring at them. "Er—oh, yes, of course, how *very* foolish of me to be sure; but, you know, for the moment, I failed to recognise them. Tarts, of course. How very—er—delicious. Do let me give you one."

His Majesty thereupon helped the Queen to the least objectionable-looking tart, and gallantly took two himself.

The Queen looked at him anxiously as he put a portion of one in his mouth.

"I may say candidly that they are the most disgusting tarts that I have ever eaten, and I want them stolen."

"De—licious!" he declared, smacking his lips, and smiling painfully.

The Queen tasted one herself and looked up doubtfully.

"Do you think," she said hesitatingly, "that they are quite——"

"Oh, *quite*, my dear," the King hastily assured her, as he swallowed a small piece of crust with difficulty.

The Queen gave a sigh of satisfaction, as she pensively trifled with the one on her plate. "I'm *so* glad you like them, dear," she said; "we'll often have them if you like —I——"

"Not too often, will we, dear?" said the King quickly. "I believe that a change of diet is good for everyone, and although the tarts are most—delicious—er—they—are very—substantial—and—er—satisfactory—and—er—all that sort of thing—but you know, I don't think one could eat enough of them to—er—that is—I find that two is quite as much as I can manage at one meal—and—er—by the bye, *do* let me send you another," he suggested, feeling that he was getting somewhat involved in his speech.

"No, dear, thank you," said the Queen, "I have very little appetite to-day, and I shall take nothing more but a little dessert."

"Dessert—ah, dessert by all means," said the King in a tone of relief; and the waiting servants, who had been fidgeting about, scarcely knowing what to do, hastily changed the plates."

* * * * *

The next morning the King sat in his own apartments, moodily gazing at a covered dish on the table before him.

Presently he seemed to be struck by a brilliant idea, for, as a page entered the door, his eyes suddenly brightened.

"Jack," he cried, "shut the door and come here."

The page came forward and bent one knee.

"My liege?" he murmured.

"I am going to make a confidant of you," said the King kindly. "I can rely upon secrecy and loyalty?"

"I am your Majesty's to command," replied the page.

"Then hear me," said the King. "On the dish under this cover are some tarts. They were made by Her Majesty, and because I foolishly said at dinner last night that I liked them, Her Majesty has caused them to be sent up with my breakfast this morning. I am expected to *eat* them—at any rate *some* of them—and this, my gentle page, is more than

I can do. They are horrid tarts. I would not for worlds that the Queen should hear me say so, but here, in the privacy of my own apartments, I may say candidly that they are the most disgusting tarts that I have ever eaten, and I want them stolen."

"Stolen, your Majesty?" cried the page.

"Yes, stolen, Jack," said the King—"stolen and taken quite away—quite, *quite* away—and you, my gentle page, must be the thief. You have assured me of your loyalty, now here is an opportunity of displaying it."

"But your Majesty, if I am discovered?" cried the page, turning pale.

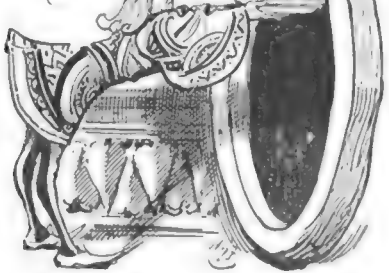
"Pshaw! you are not likely to be," said the King, "and if you are, it will be put down to a boyish freak—boys are notoriously fond of tarts. Of course, if you are found out I shall have to *pretend* to be very angry with you, but I will see that no harm befalls you in the end.

So, both the King and the page having looked down the corridor to see that no one was about, Jack threw his cloak over his arm in order the better to hide the covered dish; and the King having purposely left him alone with the precious tarts, he hastily picked them up and departed.

* * * * *

Time fails me to tell of the disasters that followed thereupon. How that the Queen herself caught the poor page redhanded, as it were, with the tarts concealed beneath his cloak, and his lips besmeared with jam. How Her Majesty haled him before the King. How that most puissant monarch *publicly* expressed his utmost rage and abhorrence of the theft; and how His Majesty threatened that the most condign punishment should be visited upon the knave who had been guilty of stealing the Queen's tarts. How the said knave was tried in open court for high treason, and *sentenced to death*. How the Queen, all tenderness, pity, and forgiveness, sued for his life, which, after a time, the King grudgingly spared. How, finally, the King pardoned him, and promoted him to great honours and secretly rewarded him in other ways. These things I might recount at length, but I have told you enough, I hope, to show you why the Jack of Hearts is still called the Knave, and with what justice.

It remains but to add that the brilliant scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for increasing the King's revenue was *most* successful, particularly the tax upon the expenditure at bargain sales, for the King was such a great favourite with the ladies that they made it quite a point of honour to *attend every sale that took place*, and to spend as much money as possible at each of them. The King's coffers, therefore, were soon quite full, and it was no longer necessary for the Queen to endeavour to cut down the household expenses; and, fortunately for all concerned, Her Majesty never again undertook to make tarts for the King's table.



The King having purposely left him alone with the precious tarts, he hastily picked them up and departed.

MR. X—HIS PAGES.

Almost daily "Mr. X" receives letters imploring him to enlarge these "—his pages." Monthly he shows these intreaties to the Editor. Monthly the Editor shows him, in reply, an enormous batch of admirable stories and articles awaiting their turn to go in. "No room, I'm afraid, 'Mr. X,'" he says, and "Mr. X" is bound to admit the Editor is right. **However,** *the next issue of the ROYAL is the Christmas Number—a truly noble number, and in it "Mr. X" has been promised* **three** *pages. In them he is going to make an especial point of tricks suitable for Christmas parties—so look out for them!*

Puzzle Penknives, Puzzle Purses, or ROYAL Packs of Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE VOWELS.

THE word **indivisibility** contains the vowel "i" no fewer than six times. Do you happen to know any English word containing more "i's"? This suggests a competition. "Mr. X" this month offers six puzzle penknives or "Royal" packs of playing-cards to the senders of what he considers the best list of five words containing respectively (1) no vowels but a's, (2) e's, (3) i's, (4) o's, and (5) u's. "Y" may be used in any of the words. The words must be given in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary. Answers, on postcards, marked "Vowels," must reach "Mr. X" by November 15th, addressed "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Q. Why is a clock always the most modest thing in a room?

A. Because it holds its hands before its face and runs down its own works.

SAFELY CAUGHT.

NED: "Bet you sixpence I'll make you say 'Yes' to one of three questions, or prove yourself an idiot."

TED: "Bet you sixpence you won't."

NED: "Right. Do you suppose you're a gentleman?"

TED: "Certain I am."

NED: "You're a good-looking chap, aren't you?"

TED: "Always been under that impression."

NED: "What does y-e-s spell?"

[*Ted hands over the sixpence.*]

WORD BUILDING.

He took (1) walk and wandered (2) in dreams
Beside the (3); his (4) were filled with sound,
He brooded on his (5), (6) his schemes
And mourned his (7) which had run aground.
He said: "My (8) bequeathed to me
The spoil of (9)—a silver cup,
Though (10) 'twill sell, but dare I see
What age has (11) given up?"

Can you substitute words for the numbers on this plan: (1) stands for a certain vowel, (2) is obtained by adding one letter to that vowel, (3) by adding one more letter and making a word of the three, (4) by adding one more and so on? The correct words make the lines scan.

Q. What is the difference between Was and Is?

A. The difference is intense.

TREMENDOUS.

In the August ROYAL, "Mr. X" asked for words ending in **dous,** and although many readers gravely assured him there were only four, he has received the following: Hazardous, Tremendous, Stupendous, Tardigradous, Hybridous, Multifidous, Olidous, and Nodous.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.

BROWN: "I say, old man, see if you can say: 'I don't like brown bread,' six times, quickly."

GREEN: "That's easy enough: 'I don't like brown bread. I don't like brown bread——'"

BROWN: "Well, eat white bread, then, old chap."

A Topical "Fifteen" Puzzle.

Place the figures of the present year in four rows, thus:

1 9 0 5
1 9 0 5
1 9 0 5
1 9 0 5

The puzzle is so to rearrange the figures in each horizontal row that:

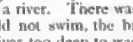
(1) Each row of four figures across, downwards, or diagonally; (2) the central four figures; and (3) the figures in the four corners, will total fifteen.

Another Version.

Charles: "James, my lad, a donkey wished to cross a river. There was no boat, the donkey could not swim, the bridge was away, and the river too deep to wade. How did the donkey cross?"

James: "Sorry, but you can't catch me with that chestnut. You expect me to say 'Give it up,' so that you can reply, 'So did the other donkey!'"

Charles: "Not at all. I said the bridge was a way—and so it would be, a very simple way."



Everyday Catches.

1. How many V's are there on a clock face? Do they point towards or away from the centre?

2. One stroke in the X's in a clock face is heavy—which one, the one running from left to right, or the one running in the opposite direction?

3. On looking at the face of a penny with the dated side towards you, is it the "head" or the "tail" side, and does the head of the image on the coin face towards your left hand or towards your right?

4. On which side of the coin is the inscription "one penny"—the head or tail side?

5. On the inner side of a leaf which way do the "veins" run—towards the top or towards the stem?

6. On looking at a penny with the dated side towards you, and the date at the bottom, and then turning the coin around from right to left until the reverse side faces you, will the head be upside-down or not? Will it be so on a shilling manipulated in a similar way?

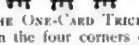
7. How many holes are there in a laced boot of the ordinary type? Do you know how many there are in the pair you are wearing?

Try for Triangles.

Here is a triangle formed by three matches. Without moving these add three more matches so as to make eight triangles. The matches need not all be of the same length.

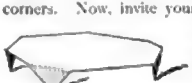
Not so Easy.

Ask someone to write down in figures eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven. When he has finished playing about with a row of "ones," point out gently that the sum is expressed thus: 12,111.



The One-Card Trick.

Bend down the four corners of a visiting card as shown. Stand the card on the corners. Now, invite your friends to overturn the card by blowing it. Their efforts will certainly prove ludicrous and exhausting, because the only way of accomplishing the feat is to blow sharply on the table in front of and at an angle to the card.



What Five Things Can No Money Buy?

1. A cushion for the seat of war.
2. A table for a brown study.
3. A blanket for "the cradle of the deep."
4. A razor to shave the face of the earth.
5. A liniment to heal the pane of glass.

RESULTS.

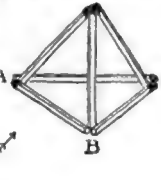
A Shilling a Live.—The competition on p. 350 in the August number of "Mr. X" will repay those who have recently purchased a selection of the many [illegible] that were on sale. Very different was the task of deciding who had the [illegible] Mr. H. J. C. Mackenzie, St. Martin's Vicarage, Scarborough, and Miss H. L. Wood, 27 Leathwaite Gardens, London, W., [illegible] Though Miss Wood was the first [illegible] reputation, "Mr. X" awards the Five Shillings to Dr. Eyre Caswell, partly [illegible] Royal [illegible] of [illegible] to the other two [illegible] A. [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] and to Miss [illegible] 22 Grosvenor Street, Broughton, Manchester, Mr. P. N. Keyser, 2 Bexley Road, [illegible], and Mrs. J. H. Rose, [illegible] Lodge, Formby, Lancs.

Word Building.—As no one, even [illegible] to all the [illegible] answer, it does not [illegible] for several [illegible] award.

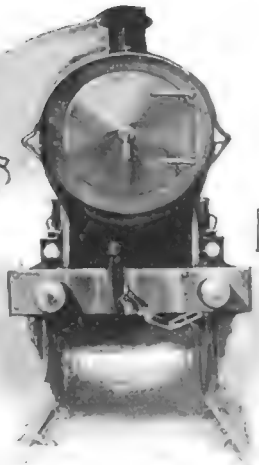
A Topical "Fifteen" Puzzle:—

1 9 0 5
5 0 9 1
9 1 5 0
0 5 1 9

Try for Triangles:—



STORIES OF THE RAILWAY.



ILLUSTRATED BY P. B. HICKLING.

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

Thorpe Hazell, the Hero of this Series, is an Eccentric Individual whose Hobbies are Vegetarianism Physical Exercise, and the Solving of Railway Mysteries. His Successful Unravelling of another Knotty Problem forms the Subject of this Story.

V.—HOW THE BANK WAS SAVED.

THORPE HAZELL always looked upon the affair of the Birmingham Bank from a distinctly humorous point of view, declaring that it was really not worth calling a railway mystery or adventure, and that it scarcely called forth any astuteness on his part. And yet there were facts in the case that are, perhaps, worth recording.

The banking firm of Crosbie, Penfold, & Co. was an old-established one in Birmingham, numbering many of the leading manufacturers among its customers. At the time of this story the firm suddenly became aware that they had an enemy, and that this enemy was no other than an exceedingly powerful multi-millionaire of Germanic Jewish origin, named Peter Kinch. His reputation was none of the best in the financial world, and it was rumoured that he would stop at nothing to attain an object.

He had a personal quarrel with the senior partner of the bank—old Mr. Crosbie. Kinch's son had met the latter's daughter abroad, and proposed to her before the girl was old enough to know her own mind. Her father was furious when he heard about it, for the young man bore about the same reputation as his father; and although there were hundreds who looked upon him as a "good catch," old Crosbie came of a Puritan family, and retained its instincts strongly.

Samuel Kinch, who was only unbusinesslike when matters concerned his son, whom he foolishly idolised, went to see Mr. Crosbie on the matter, and, it is said, offered to settle half-a-million on his daughter if the old gentleman would consent to the marriage. This only made him more angry than ever, and he retorted that the girl was not to be sold.

A couple of years had passed since then, and Phyllis Crosbie had forgotten her girlish love, and was engaged to Charlie Penfold, the son of the junior partner—the "Co.," in reality, of the firm. But Samuel Kinch had *not* forgotten. Deep down in that keen, financial brain of his was a strong instinct of revenge for injuries, and he had taken the affair as a personal slight.

However, outwardly he seemed to have

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made it up. He was occasionally in Birmingham on business and in contact with Mr. Crosbie, and he never referred to the subject. Then, one day, he deposited the sum of two hundred thousand pounds with the bank.

"I have so much business in Birmingham," he explained, "that it will be a matter of great convenience if you will hold this money."

Old Crosbie didn't half like it, and proposed keeping it intact in their strong room; but the other partners prevailed upon him to invest it in securities. For some months nothing was heard about it. Then some strange rumours suddenly got about with regard to the bank. People began to ask for their cash, and quite a little "run" was taking place. Suddenly Peter Kinch announced that he wanted his two hundred thousand pounds immediately.

The partners were met in consultation in their private room at the bank, which was not yet opened to the public.

"Yes," said Mr. Crosbie, "he wants every penny of it to-morrow. We must face it."

"Under ordinary circumstances we could have paid easily," said Mr. Penfold senior, "but it's very awkward just now. I can't understand matters."

"I can," said old Mr. Crosbie; "I believe we're the victims of a plot, and that Kinch is working it."

"But his object?" asked Charles Penfold.

"Partly private, perhaps — but there's something else at the bottom of it, and he could well afford to sacrifice his money here altogether if he gained his ends."

"What is it?" asked Charles and his father simultaneously.

"Railway contracts," replied Mr. Crosbie. "It's a question of cutting German estimates by Hill & Co. and a couple of other firms here. If we were to stop payment there would be a serious lack of ready money, because those three firms do most of their business with us. If they can't be sure of ready money now, they daren't undertake the contracts at the price they could otherwise have done. And in steps the German firm, and the firm in question, gentlemen, is really Samuel Kinch. It's a smart bit of business."

He rose from his seat and took a glance out of the window.

"Look here," he said to the others.

It was ten minutes to ten, the hour when the bank opened, and already five or six people were waiting outside, one of them with a cheque fluttering in his hand, tapping the pavement impatiently with his stick. It was obvious that trouble was ahead.

"H'm," exclaimed Mr. Penfold, "I suppose we can hold out to-day?"

"Yes, for to-day," replied the senior partner grimly. "We have a fair supply of cash, and I don't think there's any danger. But we must have some more before we open to-morrow. We had better ask Simpson to bring us the securities at once. Also we will telegraph to the Imperial and City, asking them to get the money ready for us. Then, perhaps you, Mr. Charles, and Simpson could go up by the 11.12 train and bring it down this evening?"

The Imperial and City Bank acted as London agents for Crosbie, Penfold, & Co., and it would be their office to raise the necessary funds on the firm's securities. A busy hour was passed in going over these documents and signing transfers. Meanwhile, a steady stream of customers kept coming into the bank, and the cashiers were hard at work paying out money.

Simpson, one of the senior cashiers who had been selected to accompany Charles Penfold to London, was a particularly smart and level-headed fellow.

"I should like to tell you of a rumour I heard last night, sir," he said to Mr. Crosbie, when the securities had been looked over and packed in a strong leather bag.

"Yes—what is it?"

"Well, sir, we have a powerful enemy, and not over scrupulous . . . am I right, sir?"

"Quite right. What of that?"

"It would be to his interest to prevent us from getting this money in time, sir, and he might not be particular as to what means he took to do it. One of the juniors was asked a lot of questions about us last night by a suspicious-looking stranger he met—er—well, in a bar. He didn't let out anything, but he told me about it, and just now he saw this same man hanging about the bank."

"Thank you," said Mr. Penfold. "Of course, Charles," he went on, "you will take every precaution. You had better telegraph to Scotland Yard, and ask for a detective to travel back with you this evening."

"I'll do better than that, father. I'll wire to my friend Thorpe Hazell. What he doesn't know about railways isn't worth knowing, and I'll ask him to meet me at the Imperial and City. He'll probably come back with us, and I'd really rather have him than an ordinary detective. If there's going to be

any attempt at robbery on the line, his advice will be the best to act upon, I'm sure."

Thus it came to pass that Thorpe Hazell found himself in consultation with Charles Penfold a little after three o'clock that day in a private room at the Imperial and City Bank, which, as everyone knows, is situated in Throgmorton Street.

"I'm sure we are being carefully watched," said Penfold. "You noticed it, didn't you, Simpson?"

"Distinctly, sir. Not only on the train, but I'm certain a hansom followed us here."

"Well," replied Hazell, "the thing is very obvious. You say you have reason to believe that an attempt is going to be made to rob you of this large sum of money. By the way, what does it consist of and how do you propose to carry it?"

"Mostly of Bank of England notes, but a certain amount of gold. We shall pack it in this bag. If we all three travel with it, it ought to be safe."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," said Hazell; "from what you tell me, we evidently have a very wily enemy to deal with, and my experience of railway mysteries tells me there is not always safety in numbers. What train did you think of taking?"

"The 4.55 from Paddington. But if you advised it we might travel by another route."

"Quite so. But the enemy may have thought of that, too, and taken steps accordingly. We must be prepared for all emergencies. Now, suppose you tell me exactly why you think this attempt is likely to be made. Is there any ulterior motive besides robbery?"

Penfold explained that there was, telling Hazell the question of the German contracts. The latter's face brightened during the recital.

"Tell me," he said, "suppose your hypothesis is correct and the robbery took place, what would happen?"

"Well, Kinch would know at once, I expect, and would wire to Germany without delay, anticipating the fact that we should have to stop payment to-morrow. He has everything ready, we know."

"Ah, and suppose he wired and put the machinery in motion, and after all you *could* pay to-morrow, what about that?"

"He wouldn't be such a fool. Why, it would cost him a million. Sure to. Perhaps more. When a man like Kinch once makes a slip it's pretty bad for his reputation."

Hazell got up from his chair and slapped Penfold on the shoulder.

"Excellent, my dear chap," he exclaimed; "I thought at first you were only bringing me an ordinary case of prevention of robbery in a train. But this is really likely to be interesting. Quite a little comedy, in fact. That is, if you will place yourself in my hands entirely?"

"Very well," replied Penfold, "but I don't quite see your meaning."

"Ah, you're rather tired and run down, you see. This affair is making you over anxious. Let me recommend a few hours at the seaside. Bournemouth, now, is a capital place. And, by the way, Mr. Simpson," he went on, addressing the cashier, "it's close on half-past three. Not too soon in the afternoon for a cup of tea. There's an A. B. C. fifty yards from the bank. Go and get some tea, my dear sir, and come back in a quarter of an hour's time; and would you mind bringing me a pint of milk in a bottle and a packet of plasmon chocolate? I shall have to dine *en route*."

Penfold stared at him in amazement, but Hazell insisted. As soon as he was out of the room Hazell exclaimed:

"Quick now—see the directors here and get the cash; it ought to be ready now. Have it as much in notes as possible. We must pack that bag before Simpson returns. I'm afraid I'm going to impose on him a little. Ah, and I shall want another bag—mine will do. I brought it with me in case I was out for the night; and we'll ask the people here to lend us some weights, or anything heavy will do.

He emptied the things out of his bag, two of the directors came in with the money a few minutes afterwards, and then Penfold began to see daylight. Meanwhile Hazell was rapidly turning over the leaves of a Bradshaw and jotting down notes on a bit of paper, which he presently handed to Penfold.

"Follow these directions carefully. It's best for you to keep out of the way. Now then, here comes Simpson. Not a word, gentlemen, please!"

"Well, Mr. Simpson," he went on, as the cashier came in, "Mr. Penfold agrees with me that you had better take the money down with me. He's not feeling very well, and he's going for a little holiday. You will have to explain matters to his partners. You and I will start directly, but I'm going to see Mr. Penfold off first. Come along, old fellow, you'll catch the 4.10 to Bournemouth easily."

He took him outside the bank, holding his

bag in his hand, hailed a hansom, and, as Penfold got in, said to him in a loud tone of voice:

"Don't you worry, old chap. I'll see this thing through. It's much better for you to keep out of it, because Simpson and I can manage it. I hope you'll find your sister better when you get to Bournemouth; it may not be so bad as the telegram makes out."

He noticed, to his intense delight, that a man who was lounging past dropped his stick on the pavement close by, and stopped to pick it up.

"Good-bye, Penfold — oh, I was nearly forgetting your bag; better have it on top. Here, cabby" — and he handed his own bag up to the driver — "Waterloo Station, sharp!"

He had the satisfaction of seeing the man who had dropped the stick hail another hansom, which followed in the wake of Penfold's.

"Ah," he said, "they'll see he takes a ticket for Bournemouth, and they won't suspect anything. Now for a little adventure!"

A quarter of an hour later he was seated in a four-wheeler with Simpson, *en route* for Paddington. The leather bag, heavy with the weight of its contents, lay on the seat in front of them. Once or twice Hazell put his head out of the window and looked behind, laughing softly to himself when he drew it back.

"Now, Mr. Simpson," he said to his companion, presently, "you and I are about to run the gauntlet. Perhaps you may think my conduct a little strange, later, but I must beg of you not to question it."

"Very well," replied Simpson, who had hardly taken his eyes off the precious bag in front of him, "I have every confidence in you, Mr. Hazell."

"That's right. Now, suppose — mind, I only say *suppose* — you and I are attacked on the train to-night, you would defend that bag of money, eh?"

Simpson turned to him in surprise.

"Of course——" he began, but a smile on the other's face stopped him.

"It is a considerable sum, I know," he said, "but not so valuable as a human life — *if* you were threatened, Mr. Simpson, eh?"

Again the smile crept over his face, and puzzled the cashier for a moment.

"*I* should prefer to save my life, I think," went on Hazell. "Let us look at the matter seriously. You are attacked, we'll say, and the odds are too great. The villains get away with the money. Perhaps you are able

A man who was lounging past dropped his stick . . . and stopped to pick it up.

to stop the train. But the money has disappeared. You would go to Mr. Crosbie when you reached Birmingham, and tell him of this terrible misfortune. You would tell the police. This fellow, Kinch, if he's at the bottom of it, would put his little plan in action at once. Dear me! A most 'regrettable incident,' as politicians call it. You would throw the whole blame on me. And then—and then—let us suppose that after all the money was at the bank the next morning. What a surprise! Villainy defeated—virtue triumphant. No! Don't ask me any questions. Here we are at Paddington."

A broad grin broke out on Simpson's face as he got out.

"Be careful of the precious bag," said Hazell. "That's right."

The short winter's day was drawing to a close, and darkness had begun to set in. Hazell looked, suspiciously, all round him, and kept close to Simpson, helping him to carry the heavy bag. They took first-class tickets for Birmingham, and tipped the guard to secure them a compartment. On Hazell giving Simpson directions, the latter got in with the bag, and Hazell stood outside on the platform as if on guard.

Presently an old clergyman came along with shuffling step. He was about to get into the same compartment, when Hazell stopped him, telling him it was engaged. He bowed politely, and got into the next one. The carriage was well up the platform and in front of the train, and the majority of the passengers were getting in behind, as is often the case at terminal stations.

A few minutes before the train started a couple of men—strong-looking fellows—came marching up the platform and got into the compartment immediately in front of Simpson. They were dressed rather like farmers, and one of them carried a heavy stick.

The positions of the travellers in this particular carriage were now as follows:

1st compartment—the two men.
2nd " —Simpson.
3rd " —the old clergyman.

Hazell still stood outside the door on the platform. The hand of the great clock was almost on the moment of departure when he suddenly exclaimed:

"I've forgotten to get a paper. There's just time."

He ran back to the bookstall. At the same moment the old clergyman put his head out of the window and watched him. He bought his paper and started back.

At that exact moment the guard waved his green lamp, the whistle sounded, and the train began very slowly to move.

"Look sharp, sir!"

Then Hazell did a very clumsy thing. He caught his toe in the platform and fell, sprawling.

The next moment he was on his feet, but it was too late to catch his compartment. He made a rush for the next carriage; his keen eyes detected an empty compartment; he opened the door and swung himself into the moving train. Simpson, who had his head out of the window, saw what had happened. At first he felt strangely disconcerted, and then, once more, he broke into a smile.

The first stop was at Oxford. Hazell lit a cigar and threw himself back in his seat, laughing softly to himself.

"They are really a very clumsy lot," he soliloquised, "my reputation is quite at stake in allowing it. Never mind, though."

From time to time he looked out of the window towards the front of the train, but it was not until they had travelled a considerable distance beyond Reading that the comedy he was expecting began to be played.

Then he saw, in the darkness, the door of the compartment in front of Simpson's open, and a figure appear on the footboard. Darting to the other side and looking out of that window he could just discern someone on that side of the carriage also.

Simpson was sitting in his compartment, wondering what was going to happen. Suddenly there was an awful crashing of glass, and the window on the left-hand side was splintered to bits by a violent blow from a stick from outside. Involuntarily Simpson first started back, and then sprang at the window.

The ruse succeeded admirably, for at the same moment the opposite door was opened and a man sprang in. Before Simpson knew what had happened, he felt himself seized by the collar from behind and dragged back. Then the door with the splintered window opened, and the second villain threw himself upon him. Resistance was out of the question. In three minutes Simpson lay on the seat, his hands and feet tied, and a handkerchief bound over his mouth.

"There," said one of the men, "that little job's done. It's lucky for you, my friend, that that clumsy detective isn't in with you, or we might have had to use *this*," and he showed a revolver. "But we shan't hurt

you. We're just going to search you to see if you have any notes on you, in case they're not all in the bag."

They set to work, coolly enough, but found nothing.

"Well," went on the man, "now we'll clear out. Sorry to have troubled you," he added, to the cashier, "but you should have taken more care of your property. By George, it's precious heavy!"

"Ready?" asked the other.

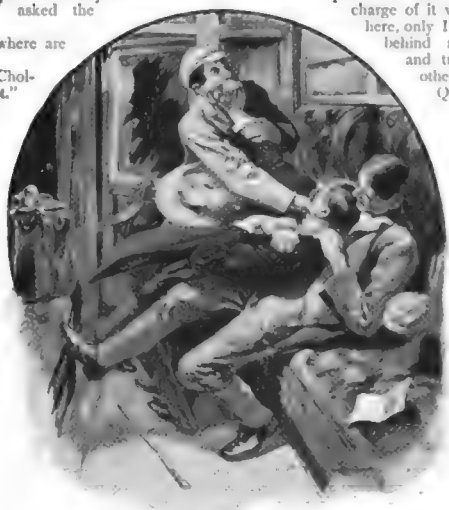
"Yes — where are we?"

"Between Cholsey and Didcot."

"Right!"

He gave a sharp tug at the chain of the communication-cord with which every Great Western express is provided inside the carriages. A moment or two later there was a shrieking of the engine whistle and a grinding of the brakes.

As the train slowed down the two men, taking the heavy bag with them, prepared to get out. The one who held the bag was actually on the footboard before the train stopped, and Hazell, who was watching from his window, distinctly saw what happened.



Then the door with the splintered window opened, and the second villain threw himself upon him.

The train came to a standstill on an embankment, and the two robbers jumped and ran for all they were worth, but not before more than one of the passengers had caught a glimpse of them. The guard came running along the train, together with Hazell.

The latter made for Simpson's compartment, and was taken a little aback when he found him lying prostrate, but a couple of seconds sufficed to show he was unhurt. He tore the gag off, and the two of them raised a hue-and-cry that was heard all along the train.

"What is it?" asked the guard.

"Robbery!" shouted Simpson, as they cut his bonds, "thousands of pounds, man."

"Money for a Birmingham bank," explained Hazell. "I was in charge of it with the cashier here, only I nearly got left behind at Paddington and travelled in another compartment. Quick! They mustn't escape!"

"What was the money in?" asked the guard, who thought the men a couple of fools to travel with it as they had done.

"A leather bag — they must have taken it off — there were two of them."

"I saw them running down the embankment," exclaimed a passenger who had joined them, "but I'll swear they were carrying nothing. They vaulted over the fence at the bottom, and each of them used both his hands."

Hazell was standing beside the train and a frown swept over his face. He glanced up quickly at the elderly clergyman, who was looking out of the window.

"Did you see them, sir?" he asked.

"Yes—yes."

"Could you make out if they carried a bag?"

"Oh, yes—I'm sure they did."

"And I'll swear they didn't," said the dogged passenger.

"We'll search the train—sharp, please," said the guard, and he mounted into the old clergyman's compartment at once. But there was nothing there. Nor could anything be discovered in or near the train.

"Now," said the guard, "I'm very sorry gentlemen, but I can't delay the train longer. You should have carried the money in my van. All I can do is to stop at Didcot to let you get out and send a telegram or see the police. That's your affair. It's evident they've made off. Take your seats, please!"

One or two passengers who had started on a chase on the spur of the moment came panting back. Hazell nudged Simpson, and they climbed up into the compartment occupied by the clergyman.

"This is not your carriage," he said mildly, as the train started.

"Oh—so I see," said Hazell. "Never mind. This is a terrible thing—terrible!" and he went on to discuss the robbery.

"You had better wire from Didcot to Mr. Crosbie," he said to Simpson, "see the police there, and then come on to Birmingham by a later train."

"What shall you do?"

"Oh, I think I'll go on. Of course you'll also wire back to London to have the notes stopped. That's all we can do, I think."

An almost imperceptible smile passed over the face of the old clergyman.

"Was it all in notes, may I ask?"

"Oh, no. There was a considerable sum in gold," replied Hazell, who, even for an amateur detective, was strangely communicative.

At Oxford the old clergyman got out for a moment. Hazell saw him hand a paper to an official, and the latter made for the telegraph office. When he came back to the carriage he got into another compartment. Hazell followed him, a sweet smile on his face. The old clergyman grew very grumpy and uneasy.

But Hazell stuck to him like a leech—not only to Birmingham, but all the way to Chester. The old gentleman became more and more uneasy as the train went on. He even told Hazell that he wished to be alone. But Hazell only smiled, and offered excuses. Then he introduced the subject of physical culture, explaining the desirability of lentil and plasmon diet, and giving practical explanation of "nerve training" by holding a piece of paper in front of his face at arm's length and keeping the edge in line with the hat-rack opposite. When they got to Chester he stood about on the platform till the empty train was backed off into a siding.

Then the old gentleman, who had been hovering about the train also, lost his temper, and swore under his breath.

* * * * *

Old Mr. Crosbie and Mr. Penfold, senior, sat in their private room in the bank, with Simpson standing before them. The latter was having a very bad time of it indeed. Questions and rebukes were being hurled at his devoted head by the two partners.

"I cannot understand it at all, can you, Penfold?"

"No," said the latter, "and I'm bound to say I think you have acted in a very strange manner, Simpson. You may go to your place—but there is a detective in the bank, and he has orders to see that you don't leave."

All the papers were full of the robbery that morning. A little crowd had gathered outside the bank waiting for the doors to open. Several Birmingham firms were in consternation. The partners, who had been up all night, looked at each other blankly.

"Can we open?" asked Mr. Crosbie in a hoarse whisper.

The other shook his head.

"We daren't," he groaned.

A few minutes passed in silence. The clock in the office marked seven minutes to the hour. A cab dashed up outside.

The next moment Charles Penfold, fresh and smiling, stood before the partners, opening a bag, and turning out his pockets before their astounded gaze. There was no time for explanation.

Five minutes later the doors of the bank opened, and the foremost of the crowd outside entered, wondering what was about to happen. By common consent they gave way to a coarse-looking man who was forcing his way to the paying-out counter, a smile of triumph on his evil features. For they recognised him as the Nemesis of the bank, Samuel Kinch himself, who had come to take his revenge in person.

He slammed down a cheque upon the counter. The cashier turned it over carelessly to see the indorsement. He did not even ask him to step into the partners' room. He had his instructions.

"You will take it in notes, I suppose, sir?" he asked coolly.

"Yes, if you've got enough," replied Kinch insolently.

"Oh, that's all right, sir."

There was a dead silence, broken only by the rustle and crackling of roll after roll of Bank of England notes as the cashier counted them out and Kinch checked them, with a snarling expression on his face.

Then arose a hum and a buzz. Kinch had been paid. For half-an-hour the paying cashiers were fairly busy, but the tide was beginning to turn, and in an hour's time the receiving cashiers were doing all the work.

The credit of Crosbie, Penfold, & Co. was saved, and the tenders for the railway contracts could be delivered without fear of lack of cash for preliminary expenses and raw material.

"One in the eye for old Kinch!" was the verdict of the day.

* * *

"Oh, the thing was childish!" said Hazell that evening at the snug little dinner to which old Mr. Crosbie had invited him, but at which he only ate his "plasmon," and partook of seven raw apples — the other partner, Charles Penfold, and Simpson were also present—"I saw that if there was a sham robbery this cunning Samuel Kinch would heap vengeance on himself. So I sent Mr. Charles Penfold here down to Bournemouth, his pockets stuffed with notes, and my own bag stuffed with gold, and slung on the roof of a hansom to avoid suspicion. It would be difficult for them to connect Bournemouth with Birmingham, but we managed to do so by a devious route.

"Then I filled the leather bag with weights and things. Simpson, *of course*, thought we had the money, ha! ha! ha! Oh, *don't* say you didn't, Simpson—don't spoil it. It was a clumsy method of attack, but it answered."

"But what became of that bag?"

"That's just the greatest joke of the whole thing. I was looking out of the window, Simpson, as the beggars got off, and I saw them hand the bag to that sweet old clergyman. The train had hardly stopped before he was out of it. He climbed to the roof of the carriage by the steps at the end, put the bag on the top, and was in at the other side of his compartment in a jiffy. I travelled all the way to Chester to prevent him from laying his hands on that bag, and he was furious. It may be going about the country in that fashion still, for all we know."

"But why prevent him when it was of no value?" asked Mr. Crosbie.

"That was just it. If he had once discovered it was only a sham robbery he would have given the alarm to Kinch—and that would have spoilt all."

"You will take it in notes, I suppose, sir?" he asked coolly.

"Well, Mr. Hazell. I'm sure the Bank is deeply indebted to you."

"Not at all. It has been a very ludicrous little adventure, and I've thoroughly enjoyed it."

Here he suddenly jumped from his seat, threw himself on his back on the floor, stretching his arms over his head as far as they could reach.

"Good gracious," exclaimed old Mr. Crosbie, "what's the matter? Are you ill?"

"I should be," replied Hazell gravely, "very probably, if I did not take fifty deep breaths in a recumbent position. It is the secret of digesting fruit!"

Picture Paragraphs.

All Pictures used in these Pages, to which Readers are Invited to Contribute, are Paid for.

Photo *Paterson & Valentine.*

A double-rooted cactus in the Arizona Desert.

A DOUBLE-ROOTED CACTUS.

THIS peculiar cactus grew and flourished in the Arizona Desert. It is characteristic of the species to assume weird shapes, but this particular specimen has evidently been seized with a desire to outdo all its companions.

The stem of the cactus is covered with a very thick skin. Thus the plant is enabled to store up a considerable quantity of water in the soft bark and pith.

This provision enables it to withstand the great heat and dryness of the deserts in which it grows. For this reason cacti often afford a valuable water supply for travellers.

MILES OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

PROBABLY it is not generally known that Worthing is famous for its chrysanthemums, yet such is the case.

The chrysanthemum is justly appreciated, and, coming as it does at a time of year when flowers are scarce, is highly popular with all classes of society.

Probably, since it is the national flower of our allies the Japanese, there will be a boom in chrysanthemums this year. In any case, Worthing will be able, without doubt, to cope with the demand. For in this town they grow chrysanthemums by the mile.

In September and early October the flowers may be seen in East, West, and North Worthing. They are sometimes grown in glass houses and sometimes in the open.

The output is very large indeed, and the dispatch of the flowers at stated intervals is quite one of the sights of Worthing at this season of the year. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have built a special platform solely to accommodate chrysanthemum growers, and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the platform is covered with boxes packed with blooms for Covent Garden and other markets, such as Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham.

Photo *Edwards & Son, Worthing.*

How chrysanthemums are grown at Worthing — When the flowers are in bloom the fields present a remarkable sight.

A CALIFORNIAN RABBIT DRIVE.

RABBITS are almost as great a plague in California as they are in Australia. Nothing seems to be able to check permanently their multiplication. It will be remembered that the Australian Government offered a large reward to anyone who would bring forward a practicable scheme for the effectual destruction of the baneful "bunny," but no one has succeeded to any great extent. Pasteur himself devoted several years to the discovery of a destructive lymph with which to inoculate trapped animals, so that they could be liberated and allowed to spread disease among their fellows. The rabbits, however, proved so healthy that they were not affected to any appreciable extent by being inoculated with malignant germs.

In California they endeavour to keep the rabbit down by having periodical "drives," which sometimes account for so many as 10,000 animals. This, of course, is a help, but the farmer would be glad to dispense with the rabbit altogether.

Photo Taber & Son, San Francisco, California.

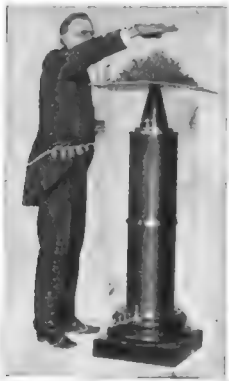
A rabbit drive in California. Sometimes so many as 10,000 rabbits are bagged.

PAINTING THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

IN many occupations a cool head and a steady nerve are indispensable. The steeplejack, for instance, must never turn giddy, or he will have a very poor chance of ever seeing his wife and family again. But, although at the outset the fact may not seem very apparent, the ordinary painter is frequently called upon to face considerable danger when decorating buildings from high and insecure positions.

It is a common sight in any large city to see workmen in "travelling cradles" painting the outside of a house four or five storeys high. This is not a very awe-inspiring task, however. The workman would require to be very careless and clumsy to fall out of a "cradle." It is when he has to paint a bridge that all his steadiness of nerve and coolness of head are required. Especially is this the case when a suspension bridge, such as the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge at New York, requires painting. It is unpleasant to think of the result if one of them fell.

Workmen engaged in painting the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge.



Showing the lines of magnetic force by means of iron filings.

A HUGE ELECTRO-MAGNET.

In Use for Optical and Surgical Work.

The iron core of this huge magnet is four feet long and six inches in diameter. It is bolted to a base of oak, and its upper part tapers so as to allow the oculist conveniently to observe the patient's eye with an ophthalmoscope. The point of the tapered portion of the core unscrews, so that it may be treated antiseptically. On this point is a brass fixture, fitted with a small brass ring. The patient rests his face on this ring, which is of such a height that the eyelashes just touch the extremity of the conical point.

This magnet is especially useful in diagnosing cases in which a piece of metal is thought to have become lodged in the eye, but in which the oculist is not sure of it. By placing the patient's eye above the magnet, and sending a small current through the coils, the presence of a piece of steel will immediately be felt by the patient, because of the magnet's attraction for the steel.

The magnet may similarly be employed in surgery. If a piece of steel or iron has been driven into any part of the body, its presence may be determined by simply approaching the magnetic field. If the wound is at all recent the piece of metal immediately returns by the same course as that by which it entered without any surgical interference. In one case, where a piece of cold chisel had been driven into the forearm, the surgeon advised no operation, trusting to the piece working out. On the wound festering the magnet was tried, with complete success.

In another instance, a piece of steel had been embedded in the palm of a man's hand for a year and a half. A third patient had had a fragment of metal in the back of his hand for seven years. Both pieces of steel were encysted, but they immediately appeared on the magnet when the skin was slightly opened, a swelling caused by the magnetic attraction indicating their locality.

Pieces of iron and steel held in place by means of magnetic attraction.

A broken sewing needle that caused a great deal of pain, and produced considerable swelling, was instantly removed from the palm of a woman's hand.

All these successful cases suggest that powerful electro-magnets would be of great utility in military hospitals for the removal of pieces of shell, and steel bullets. They would be a blessing to surgeons and wounded.

Photo. The Scientific American.

Position of patient when removing steel from the eye.

A battle between two steers on the ranges of Texas.

A BATTLE BETWEEN TWO STEERS.

STEERS, in their semi-wild state on the great inclosures or "ranges" of Texas, frequently have terrific battles. The concussion when two of these animals meet, each going at full speed, is considerable. Sometimes their horns lock, and then the beasts make furious efforts to release themselves. "One struggle more and I am free," seems to be their motto, and great is the tossing of heads and bellowing as they make frantic attempts to escape.

These fights often terminate with serious consequences to the combatants, and sometimes even fatally.

Cattle raising is very extensively carried on in Texas, where it is the chief industry.

NEW YORK'S FIRST SKYSCRAPER CHURCH.

THIS remarkable church, probably the first of its kind, seeks to provide under one roof all the accommodation necessary for the social as well as the serious side of religion.

On the First Floor is Taylor's Chapel, seating about 400 persons.

On the Second Floor is the Sunday-school Hall, seating 600.

On the Third Floor are the galleries of the Sunday-school Chapel.

The Fourth Floor consists of Mission rooms, and Ladies' sitting-rooms. It will be a meeting place for the Society for Women's Work, and the Young Women's Club.

On the Fifth Floor are the rooms of the Young Men's League and Young Men's Library.

On the Sixth Floor are the Administration rooms of the church and the incumbent's study.

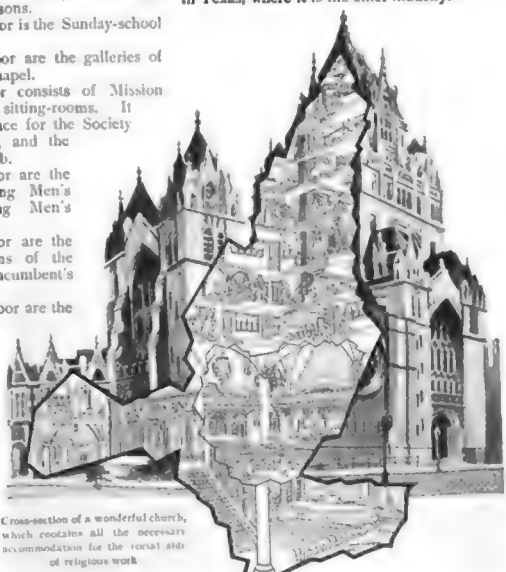
On the Seventh Floor are the living quarters of the sexton.

On the Eighth Floor is the Tabernacle Museum, where records will be kept.

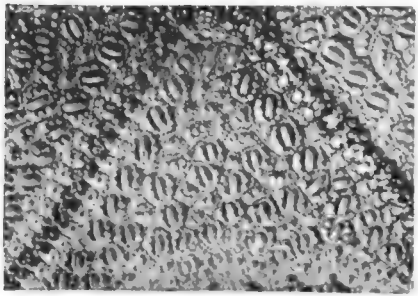
The Ninth Floor is not yet mapped out.

The Tenth Floor consists of the belfry.

The church will prove a blessing.



Cross-section of a wonderful church, which contains all the necessary accommodation for the social side of religious work

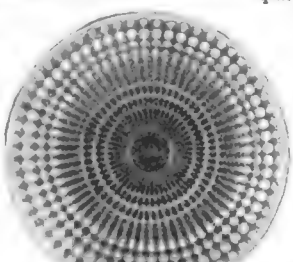


Mosaic design of starfish and coral.

MARINE MOSAICS.

Some Wonders of the Sea.

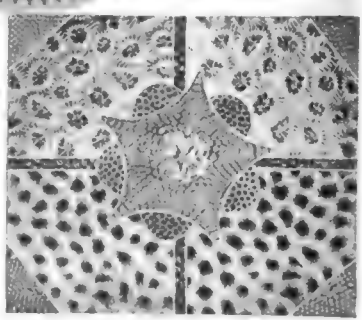
Somehow, marine animals seem to have been made with special reference to their adaptability to mosaic work. This is probably due mainly to the fact that the horny, character of the skeleton or framework of these creatures is particularly well suited for this class of designs, and also because the surface of the framework is generally composed of numerous plates or spines. Circles, ovals, octagons, hexagons, and, in fact, almost every conceivable figure is utilised, and yet with a simplicity of arrangement and economy of space and material truly marvellous, when we consider the results obtained and realise that in no two species is the pattern duplicated.



The lace-like sculpture of the interior of a sea-urchin's spine.

Although nearly everyone is familiar with the beauty of prepared and bleached coral, few are aware of the immense amount of detail and delicacy contained in their separate parts. The massive hemispherical "star-corals" reveal new and unexpected beauties when magnified, each mouth showing as a perfect and intricate many-rayed star, separated from its fellows by smooth, raised ridges. Other species display most wonderful effects in interlocking stars, sunbursts, or rimless-wheels — no two exactly alike, but forming as a whole a most pleasing arrangement, while the "rose-corals"—with their delicately-toothed partitions — form perfect rosettes, well adapted for centre pieces.

Still more mosaic-like are the patterns found on the various species of starfishes. In these the patterns, instead of being formed by cavities in a solid surface, as is the case with corals, are built up by means of plates imbedded in the skin. As these (in order to permit free movement of the owner) are quite a little separated one from another, the design appears to stand out in bold relief. The starfishes, moreover, are always (when uninjured) symmetrical, and although there may be almost any number of arms, the pattern, to the minutest detail, is repeated upon the central disc an equivalent number of times. Usually the pattern on the upper surface is the more attractive.



Portion of a natural starfish mosaic.

SOME REMARKABLE CLIMBERS.

These are happy native boys climbing up cocoanut palms at Porto Rico. This kind of sloping palm tree is very common around the coasts of the islands of the West Indies, and the native boys seize this opportunity for a game unknown to their less fortunate white brethren who do not live in lands where the cocoanut palm grows. The game consists in starting from a mark and racing to the head of the palm tree along its narrow and swaying trunk.

The clinging power of their wonderful ten toes enables them to rush up these giddy slopes without fear of accident. Sometimes in the excitement of the game the followers give the leaders a sly push, which causes the heart of the spectator to jump into his mouth, as the victim slips and falls to what is apparently death. To one's surprise, however, the lithe brown body does not descend beyond the length of a pair of ready arms, which clutch the tree like two streaks of brown lightning.

Once the tree top has been gained, the winner will then amuse himself by pelting his rivals with the huge nuts.

Photo Underwood & Underwood.

Native boys climbing for cocoanuts at Porto Rico.

A wonderful pear which grew out of the trunk of the tree.

A PECULIAR PEAR.

This pear, instead of growing on a branch of the pear-tree to which it belongs, chose instead to appear on a short spur coming directly from the main trunk. The parent tree was perfectly healthy, and bore a fine crop of fruit, but the specimen growing out of the trunk was larger and more perfect than any other on the tree.

Having decided to occupy a unique position on its tree, it was only natural that the pear chose to distinguish itself further by becoming phenomenally large. It is interesting to know that the tree on which this singular fruit appeared is still alive, and continues to bear fine crops every year.

While it deserves pity for the inevitable solitude caused by its position, the pear must be congratulated on having escaped numerous inconveniences.

However fiercely the wind might blow, it was never shaken to the extent its brethren on the branches were.

Happy pear!

The Story of How a Braggart was Humbled.

By M. Elligott.

"I REPEAT it," said Mr. Briggs in his usual emphatic and dictatorial manner, "the man who is taken in by a woman is a born fool and deserves nothing but ridicule. Why, it's as simple as daylight to see through their shallow little artifices and illogical arguments."

"I am afraid you have not a very high opinion of the sex, sir," said a quiet-looking man with a thoughtful face, who had been drinking his glass of ale and listening to the conversation, which had arisen from a remark concerning a notorious case occupying the public attention just then.

Several men had dropped into the "Greyhound" for a mid-day drink, while at a table in a little room adjoining the bar a party of six actors and actresses from the adjacent theatre were taking a lunch of cold meat and pickles in the interval allowed during rehearsal for refreshment. They were listening with amused attention to the discussion at the bar, and one girl leant across her companion's chair to get a glimpse of the pompous-looking Briggs.

"You are mistaken," replied he to the quiet man in a condescending tone, "I have a high opinion of women—*in their proper place*. What I object to is the ridiculous fuss that is made about them nowadays, and the absurd talk of their equality with men. A solitary one does, I grant you, push to the front now and then in educational matters, but I have no doubt it is at the expense of health, and the success is certain to turn her head."

"Isn't he delicious?" whispered the young actress to her companions generally.

"Be quiet, Lulu, let's hear what further my lord hath to say," said a girl on the opposite side of the table.

"I don't know much about women, being a bachelor myself," remarked another man at the bar; "but it strikes me, if they *are* 'the weaker vessel,' they generally manage to work things their own way. I have heard say that if a woman makes up her mind to anything she'll work it somehow, and bamboozle—well, any man."

"Any callow youth, perhaps," returned Mr. Briggs with his superior smile; "but not a man of the world. I have had considerable experience, and I think I may assert confidently that no woman has ever

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hoodwinked *me*, though many have tried. My business brings me into contact with all sorts of women, but though I am told some surprising stories sometimes, *I* am never taken in."

Having uttered this declaration, he pushed his empty glass aside and took up his umbrella.

"I wish you good-morning, gentlemen. Nasty weather, but I suppose we must expect it in November."

They turned with one accord to watch his retreating figure, and the quiet man remarked:

"There is one man at least in the world with a good opinion of himself."

"I should say so," agreed another; "he's got side enough for the great Mogul, or the three-tailed Bashaw. I wonder who he is?"

"He's the rate-collector for this district," volunteered the landlord, "and a pretty tough nut, I can tell you."

* * * * *

"Nugent," said Mrs. Briggs, putting her timid face round the door, and addressing her lord and master in the subdued voice habitual to her, "I am going now."

The small, thin face had been pretty once, the voice bright and gay, but ten years of existence with her husband, subjected to the continual surveillance of a petty, overbearing mind, had taken all the spirit and beauty out of the woman, leaving her a colourless, nervous creature, almost frightened of her own shadow.

"Very well," he answered, without looking up from his occupation, "I have no objection."

"Shall you come on later to supper, as Mary asked you?"

"I may; it depends on how I feel."

"But if—if I don't know for certain how shall I——?"

"What?"

"Get home."

"I really don't mind whether you walk or take an omnibus. Surely, even *you* can

"I have had considerable experience, and I think I may assert confidently that no woman has ever hoodwinked *me*."

make up your mind on such a simple point, though I am fully aware it is about as far as your capacity extends. Don't keep the door open, there's a draught to my feet."

Mrs. Briggs closed the door noiselessly, and her husband prepared to spread out the books he would require for the next three hours. This was the busiest afternoon in the quarter, being the last day of grace permitted to luckless taxpayers before they were handed over to the mercy of the law, consequently the half-glass door which led from a side passage into the back room used as an office was continually being opened and closed by the steady stream of people pouring in through the dull gloom of the winter day.

Mr. Briggs took the little pile of money brought by each, compared it with the amount on the demand note, made entries, and gave a receipt, all without uttering a word, unless it happened that a careless person tendered an incorrect amount, in which case his words were few, but to the purpose.

Within a few minutes of the closing hour a poor woman, with a white face and a shrinking step, slipped in timidly. Her appearance was as neat as much-worn clothing would allow, and her voice, when she addressed the rate-collector, was that of an educated person.

"I have not been able to make up the full sum," she said, laying some money on the table, "but if you will give me two or three days I will bring the rest without fail."

Mr. Briggs looked at her with contemptuous inquiry.

"Do you imagine you are talking to a shopkeeper, my good woman? Take up your money and read the paper you have there, and don't waste my time, if you please."

"I shall certainly have the rest on Thursday," went on the woman, too anxious to be abashed, "and if you will take it then I shall be so grateful to you, sir, as it would be terrible to have to appear in a public court. I have never been behind until now, but it has been an unlucky year, my rooms remaining unlet, and——"

"Your domestic affairs are not of the least interest to me. I am here to receive the rate; if you have not the amount it is no business of mine, nor can I take it on any but the specified days. Good evening."

The harsh voice and cold eye forbade further appeal.

The woman, with trembling fingers, picked up her money and departed, the tears running down her white cheeks as soon as she was out of the room.

Meanwhile, the collector, directly the clock struck the hour, closed his books, and put them in a drawer, beside the now well-filled cash-box, which he was about to lock, when once more the half-glass door opened, and a young man stepped quietly into the apartment, closing the door behind him.

"You are too late," snapped Mr. Briggs, "it is turned six."

"I am not come to pay a tax, but to hold a little private conversation with you," returned the young man in a calm, equable voice, at the same time seating himself and unfastening his overcoat.

Mr. Briggs surveyed the intruder with astonished eyes. He saw a slim, graceful figure, and a delicate, foreign-looking face, with a slight, curled moustache, and a pair of keen grey eyes.

"Kindly favour me with the nature of your business," he said sharply.

"I will. My name is—no, on second thoughts, I will not give it, as it would convey nothing to you—I have come to confer with you on a matter of great importance. Are we likely to be overheard?" and the young man glanced round.

"No, there is no one near," answered the tax-collector, beginning to feel a vague discomfort.

The visitor leant forward, his clear eyes fixed on the big, complacent red face. Speaking in slow, even tones he said:

"I want all the papers relating to the Vremia plot."

Nugent Briggs, shifting from the gaze of the penetrating eyes, drew a laboured breath, while the conviction slowly forced itself upon him that he was in the presence of a madman. Slender as the young man looked, he might prove a dangerous antagonist if roused to fury, so it was advisable to use discretion.

"I think there is—a—a slight mistake," he began in a soothing voice, edging towards the door. In an instant the barrel of a revolver flashed in his face. He sank back with a smothered cry, breaking into a cold perspiration.

"There is no mistake about *this* or its contents," said the young man, "and if you make one movement I shall not hesitate to fire. Push your chair right back against the wall."

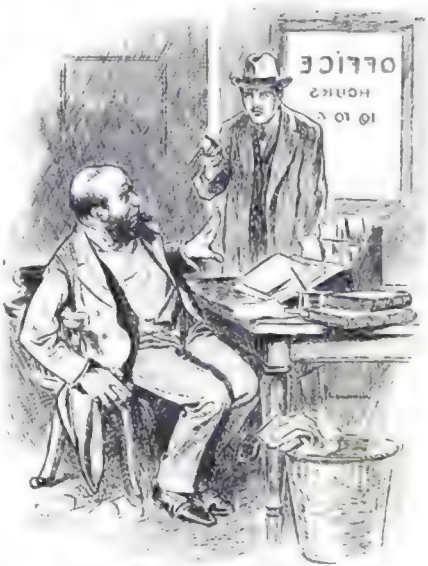
Mr. Briggs half rose. One bold dash of his heavy form would stretch the lunatic on the floor. He advanced his body tentatively; there was an ominous click. He dropped into his chair again, shaking like a huge jelly. The inflexible grey eyes held him in fascinated terror.

"That's right! Now we can talk comfortably. Will you tell me where you have secreted the papers I have mentioned?"

"I don't know anything about them." He would be compelled to humour this madman, evidently.

The young man smiled. "Now, look here, Mr. Nugent Briggs, it's utterly useless your attempting to deny anything, as you will see when I tell you how far our knowledge extends. We know you are thick in the Vremla plot, that you have all the papers hidden in this house, and we are aware of the date fixed for the carrying out of your diabolical scheme. This we mean to frustrate; and to save an exposure, of which our Government is by no means desirous just now, we are prepared to let you off on condition you hand over every scrap of evidence connected with the plot; though, mind you, you will continue to be under espionage."

"Every word you utter is Greek to me, I'll swear!" exclaimed the tax-collector, wondering if he were in the throes of a horrible nightmare.



He sank back with a smothered cry, breaking into a cold perspiration.

"Perhaps you'll deny that you belong to the 'Amalgamated Cosmopolitan Nihilist Society'?" said the other ironically.

"I never heard of it," almost screamed the harassed Briggs. "I don't belong to any societies, I'm a Government official and a servant of the King," and the remembrance of his own importance brought back a degree of courage to his perturbed mind. The idea of his visitor's insanity he was compelled to abandon. No madman ever spoke so calmly, or possessed such a clear, piercing eye. He was the victim of some horrible mistake, but how could he prove it? The young man listened with perfect politeness while he asseverated his ignorance of any plot or secret society whatsoever.

"I can refer you to heaps of people," he wound up, "who are well acquainted with my life, past and present."

"No doubt, no doubt! Cognisant of all but just that little fact of your membership of the A.C.N.S. You would naturally keep that even from your wife. However, it is useless wasting time and words, we'll get to business. I am going to make a thorough examination of your papers, and secure those I have been commissioned to take. If—mind, I only say *if*, for we of the Russian Secret Detective Corps rarely make a mistake—they are *not* here it will be a point distinctly in your favour. I may remind you that by handing them over without giving me any further trouble the greatest leniency will be shown to you. What do you say?"

Mr. Briggs was beyond words. What horrible trap had he fallen into? He had read of the almost superhuman powers of the Russian secret police, of their agents and spies all over the world, of their methods of unearthing conspirators: but that he, of all people on earth, should be suspected as one of these latter seemed monstrous. He looked helplessly round at the familiar objects in the

room—the glazed bookcase, the dwarf cupboard in the corner, the leather-topped table with the massive inkstand, pen and ruler on it, the plain wooden chairs—somehow they all appeared unreal and fantastic, the young man with the steely eyes and dominating voice seemed the only tangible thing.

"I must trouble you to empty your pockets first—lay everything on the table, please."

Mr. Briggs hurriedly complied as the revolver flashed ominously in the gaslight. The contents of his pocket-book were spread out, his purse opened, some old letters laid before the inquisitorial eye. They were rapidly scanned.

"Thank you, you may return those to your pocket."

While the tax-collector was doing this, his fleshy countenance tingling with futile anger, the young man pulled open the drawer of the table into which Mr. Briggs had so recently thrust his business books, and commenced rapidly turning over its contents, at the same time keeping a wary eye on Briggs himself.

"There does not appear to be anything incriminating here. Now take me to your private rooms, where I'll have another search."

"What is the use?" cried Briggs. "I haven't a single scrap of paper that concerns any societies, secret or otherwise."

"Upon my soul, I feel half inclined to believe you, in spite of opposing evidence seemingly correct; but I am bound to obey orders, or *my* life and liberty wouldn't be worth much."

He pressed close up to Mr. Briggs as the bewildered collector opened the door and crossed the hall to his dining-room on the opposite side.

"Light only *one* burner if you value your safety," was the polite suggestion, "a second light would be a signal to the watchers surrounding the house, and I *think* I can manage without assistance."

The match which Mr. Briggs was raising to the gas fluttered from his nervous fingers and fell to the floor, while his heart thumped against his side and his legs shook. He struck another, but his hand trembled so that he could scarcely lift it. He turned the burner with twitching fingers, the globe rattling in its metal groove. As the light flashed out he turned to confront his tormentor, but instead of the handsome, refined face his gaze met the blank door. He rubbed his eyes, stared incredulously, then essayed to open the door. But it resisted his efforts. He was locked in!

It was more than five minutes before the servant, buried in a novelette at the back of the house, heard his knocking and shouts, and opened the door to release her frantic master. He dashed into the office, and in a fever of rage and terror dragged out the table drawer and opened the cash-box. It was empty!

* * * * *

Mrs. Briggs, returning home a little after ten, found her husband in a state of collapse, all his energies prostrated; but when the frightened woman proposed summoning a medical man he uttered a protest.

"No, Maria, I don't want a doctor I must treat myself. It is a—er—violent cold. I—er—felt it coming on. Pour me out some more brandy, and then I'll get to bed. Perhaps a night's rest will do me good."

Mr. Briggs was late for breakfast the next morning, and when he did take his seat his wife was greatly perturbed at his appearance. In the searching daylight his face wore a greenish-grey tinge; his eyes were red and puffy. He took no interest in his letters, so, after a momentary hesitation, Mrs. Briggs opened her own solitary missive. She had not perused many lines of this before she uttered a startled cry.

"What's the matter?" said her husband irritably. "Can't you read your letter without making such a confounded row?"

"What does it mean? I—I—don't understand," she returned stupidly. He snatched the letter out of her hand and read it, a variety of expressions chasing each other over his countenance as he did so.

"Tell your brilliant husband," ran the note, "that he will be wise to boast less publicly in future of his complete knowledge of the *inferior* sex. It was a woman—a mere girl—who came yesterday afternoon, and frightened him almost into a fit, and stole all the tax-money. This he can have, as the girl only took it to punish his impudence, by applying at the stage-door of the 'Corridor' theatre at twelve o'clock to-day, and asking for a parcel addressed to 'Booby Briggs.' He will receive the money, intact, on that, and on no other, condition. Tell him also that if he wishes to find out about me he can do so very easily. If I am summoned it will only be an advertisement for me, and a delightful show-up for him. Remember—*Booby Briggs.*

"'LULU' (the late visitor)."

And Nugent Briggs was compelled to eat, with what relish he might, his big and wholesome helping of "humble pie."

Real Life

Up to the Present these from Human Life. But Animals, their Little Romances, frequently own Lives. This Month we from Animal, Bird,

A Canine Hero.

WALKING down a pretty country lane was a little girl. She was not alone. A small terrier, smart, and ears up-pricked, trotted before her. The dog seemed to be well aware that the little maid was in his charge.

Presently they came to a gate, behind which, in a field, stretched a golden mass of cowslips. Into this the little girl pushed a way, and soon was busily engaged picking the flowers. For a few minutes the terrier stood by watching. Then, satisfied that no harm could befall his little mistress, he set off to explore the hedges.

So the time passed. And what with burrowing, and chasing everything that came his way, the thoughtless terrier did not hear the terrified cries that rose from the field outside. Nor did he see the huge, brown-red form of an infuriated bull rushing madly towards his little mistress.

At the sight of the huge creature with its big, flaming eyes, the child screamed with terror. Then, casting away her flowers, she fled as fast as her small legs would carry her. Behind her thundered the bull. At every step it gained on the child. Now only a yard separated them. Now but a foot. Then the great head bent, and with a savage lunge the brute tossed the child high in the air.

But someone had seen. And that someone was the little terrier. For a moment he stood motionless, as if considering what was happening. His little mistress was being murdered! He must prove his mettle!

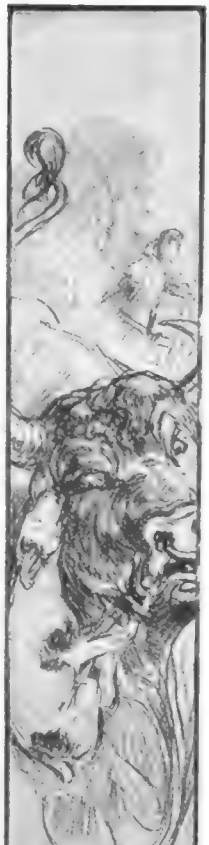
Rushing up with a short bark, he reached the bull as the child fell heavily to the ground. A moment later his sharp teeth closed firmly on the bull's ear. Maddened by pain, the frenzied beast, shaking off the dog, rushed at him furiously.

The girl rose unsteadily to her feet. She seemed too dazed to venture to escape. Time after time she saw the bull rush at the dog. And as many times the little animal dodged, and bit furiously at the roaring beast.

At last the child, recovering from her terror, ran to the hedge and began clambering through, unobserved by the bull. But the terrier saw, and returned to the fight with doubled energy. Then when his mistress had escaped in safety, the little hero sped quickly through the hedge.

Needless to say, there is not a little girl in all England more proud of her dog than the young heroine of this story.

With what pride did she, on reaching home, tell the story of her gallant little terrier's brave struggle with his formidable antagonist. For, but for the courage and intelligence of the little dog, the child would certainly have fallen a victim to the ferocity of the bull.

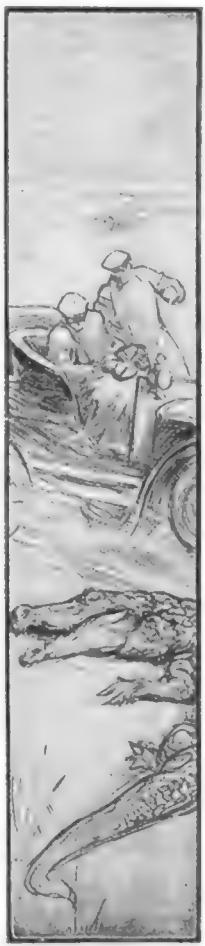


His sharp teeth closed firmly on the bull's ear.

Romances

Romances have been Drawn Birds, Fish, and Reptiles have all more Tragic than those in our Give Five Romances Taken Fish, and Reptile Life.

THE STORY OF A FOX-TERRIER'S BRAVE DEED.



It bit furiously at the tyres of the car, then, rolling over, died.

The Alligator's Last Hunt.

HOW A MAN-EATER MET HIS FATE.

THIS story comes from Orlando, Florida. It is written from the account of Colonel Josiah Schalk, an ardent motorist, and a member of the American Automobile Club. To begin with, there was the road—a long, straight, dusty stretch, with scarcely a tree to shade the traveller from the fierce Florida sun. Here and there quaint cottages broke the bare monotony, from which, at times, dusky dames would stroll and shout words of warning to a score of little niggers rolling in the dust.

Lower down, on the opposite side, was a marsh. This was forbidden ground to the nigger children. For in the large pools lived many alligators—great lizards that craved for nothing better than to breakfast on a nigger child—at least, so their mothers told them.

One of the pools was the home of a large and somewhat ancient alligator. Food was not so plentiful nor so easy to obtain as it used to be when men were fewer. Now he had to hunt cautiously. For large and fierce though he was, he feared the white man with his traps and guns.

One morning, after a vain hunt, the alligator crept to the road. Up one way he looked without discovering a vestige of anything that would heal the gnawing craving within him. Then he slowly turned his great scaly head towards the cottages.

Those children—why did they not venture down to the marsh? What a meal even one of them would make! Something like that, no doubt, the alligator thought. Then, unexpectedly, a pleasant vision crossed his path. A little nigger boy, in a snowy shirt, and holding in both hands a big white hat, ran shouting towards him.

The alligator crouched low in the grass.

On came the little nigger, shouting and laughing as he struck out vainly with his big hat at a butterfly that he was pursuing. Then out the great reptile rushed, his grinning, saw-like teeth extended wide. The child screamed, and, turning quickly, fled. After him came the alligator.

In the distance a whirring speck was fast flying down the dusty road. Every minute it grew larger, and the sound of its machinery more noisy.

So intent was the alligator on the pursuit that he did not heed the approaching "monster." The boy was his. The child was breathless. A few more yards and then——. The little nigger darted across the road. Not three feet behind him the alligator followed with open jaws ready for the feast.

Half-way across the road the sharp hoot of a motor-horn sounded. A cloud of dust hung over the road. Something struck the scaly monster violently on the neck. A motor-car leapt in the air. Mad with pain, a great rage filled the alligator. It bit furiously at the tyres of the car, then, rolling over, died.

To-day, this same alligator reposes in a handsome glass case in one of the rooms of the American Automobile Club. It was presented by Colonel Josiah Schalk, the driver of the car that so strangely saved the little nigger's life. On the case an inscription in gold letters announces that within is seen the first alligator that has fallen to a motor-car.

A Race for Life.

THE STORY OF A TROUT.

THIS happened in the Whiteadder, a trout stream near Chirnside, in the south of Scotland.

And the hero? From a cleft in a boulder, mid-stream, he glided—a sleek trout, splashed with red blots, of graceful form, and with eyes alert for the unwary insects flitting across the surface of the water.

And now to the story.

One morning when the sun was shining, the trout was making his way up-stream. Sometimes he swam swiftly through pools in which were sporting the small fry of his kind, and here and there a stately grayling. Then in the long shallow stretches he would swim more slowly, past stones clad in vivid greenness, a few inches from the surface.

Presently he drew near a bridge. Two men leant against the stonework, idly viewing the stream. It was not they that sent a tremour through the sleek trout, and set his tail moving with a sudden quickness, nor did the dark shadow of the bridge have any part in his alarm.

Two seagulls dashed suddenly at the water. The trout darted forward, escaping their sharp beaks by a hair's breadth.

On, on, swam the terrified fish. The shrieking gulls, swift as he, their numbers now increased to a dozen, loomed close over his head. Now he was rushing through a shallow stretch. The water was but eighteen inches deep. The bridge lay far behind. The two men, who had been standing on it, their interest aroused by the unusual chase, had left, and were following along the bank.

After traversing, at least a mile, the trout paused before a big stone. Here was a loophole of escape! The exhausted fish needed no telling to see this, and with wearied strokes struggled towards the boulder.

A brief respite followed. To the trout, no doubt, the hope arose that his swift-winged enemies were baffled. The brilliant green, slimy side of the rock hid the dry world overhead from view. He could not see the hungry gulls circling around, their fierce, sharp eyes scanning the stream for traces of their vanished quarry. Nor could he see the two interested spectators on the bank.

But not for long was the trout left undisturbed.

A sudden splashing nearby foretold that his hiding-place had been discovered, and a white body, with wings pressed closely to its sides, dived into the water.

Frightened beyond measure, the fish pressed still nearer to the side of its shelter. But another splash and the appearance of a similar vision caused him once more to seek safety in flight.

Away he darted, and made to force his way upstream. But his strength was spent, and, with shrill cries of victory, the relentless birds saw their quarry leap high out of the water, almost on to dry land.

Down swooped the gulls, eager for their meal. But a sudden shout put them to flight. Two men—they that had followed the stern chase—rushed forward, and hastily rescued the gasping trout from its perilous position.

Down swooped the gulls, eager for their meal.

An Unknown Hero.

A DUCK'S ADVENTURE IN A FLOOD.

THE clouds swept dark and lowering over an outlying district of Durban. The rain poured down in silver streaks. Acres of country lay beneath the flood. On once-parched land several stately heron waded, dipping their blue-grey heads as they snatched the small fish from the water.

A flock of wild duck, flying in two converging lines, alighted noisily on the surface. Almost at once they rose, and, led by a handsome mallard, were soon lost in the haze.

Only one remained, diving often and greedily devouring all that her capacious bill could catch.

The rain pattered on her back with increasing fury, cloaking the "lake" with countless dancing blobs. But what cared the wild duck? And she shook the glistening drops from her back, and swam about as dry of feather as if the day were sunny and the sky an opal blue.

It tired her little to be afloat—far less than it did to fly with her short, chubby wings. So, swimming and seeking to satisfy her voracious hunger—for what is more greedy than the duck?—she drew towards the river.

A swirling streak, some ten yards in width, marked the stream's course. Lower down, and on the further side, lay a farmhouse, looking in the flood like a huge houseboat, whilst near to it an ostrich stood on a small islet.

Hither the wild duck determined to repair. Forthwith she braved the swollen stream. Then something unforeseen happened. A sharp spike pierced her near the wing.

With surprising care he gently raised the exhausted duck in his great bill.

Too late, the wild duck found the swift current had borne her into a barbed wire fence that stretched across the river some distance on to the shore. Shaking the water from her back, she turned to swim away. But against the fast running water she could make no headway. She could not even fly.

Close to her the ostrich, from his eminence on the islet, looked down on her with listless eyes.

For some minutes the plumed giant eyed the drowning duck, seemingly lost in contemplation. Then an idea—so judged the ostrich-farmer, following the incident from the verandah of his house—entered its head.

First the ostrich gazed cautiously at the swirling river, as if considering whether its long limbs would justify the enterprise. Satisfied, apparently, that they would, it gingerly planted one foot in the water and advanced towards the helpless duck.

No doubt the poor bird entangled in the fence imagined that her last hour had come, and that her fate would be that of the many fish reposing in her well-filled crop.

But such was not the ostrich's errand. With surprising care he gently raised the exhausted duck in his great bill, and then made gallantly for the shore.

Once there, he set his captive free. And she, quacking her gratitude, flew off to seek the flock from which she had so incautiously strayed.

An Unheard-of Victory.

THE ROMANCE OF A GAME FOWL.

THERE was consternation on the face of a certain French farmer not many weeks ago. For the second time in three days his hen-house had been raided by a fox from the Vosges Mountains, lying near by.

Much perturbed at these depredations and his failure to trap the wily fox, the farmer drove to the market. Whilst there a fine game cock of upright carriage and brilliant plumage attracted his attention.

He inquired its value.

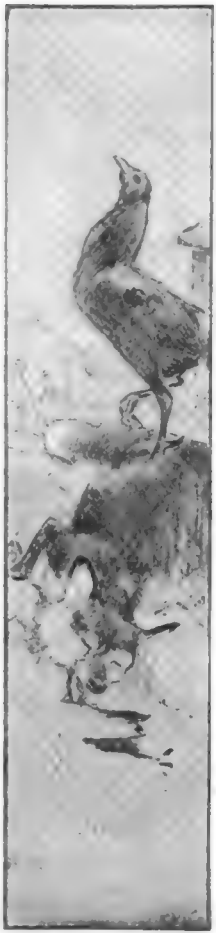
"The bird is of the best blood in France, monsieur," the dealer answered. "He is a fighting cock, fierce and strong. See his spurs, sharp, ready for the pit! Fifty francs is all I ask."

Thereupon, thinking to replace the cockerel that had fallen to the fox, the farmer bought the bird.

* * *

Five o'clock in the morning. Behind the Vosges Mountains the sun was slowly rising. The game-fowl stretched his neck and glanced curiously at his new quarters. Then he hopped from his perch, and with high step and upright gait strutted proudly from the roost. An admiring flock of hens followed closely in his train.

Perched on the top of a rubbish heap near a large barn, the game-cock broke the stillness with prodigious crowing. A sudden scuffling near a barred gate caused him to cease abruptly. Four or five hens fled towards him, clucking with alarm, as through the gate the long, silver-brown body of a fox wormed its way.



The gamecock stood over his fallen foe.

With fierce eyes the game-cock fixed the intruder. The fox crept near with stealthy steps. Feathers stiff, and tightened to his body, the bird gave a warning "chuck," whilst the frightened hens clustered round him.

Then, with a swift bound the fox seized hold of the nearest hen, A score of feathers fluttered in the wind, followed instantly by an infuriated vision of rainbow plumes.

The game-cock had turned to the rescue.

Head down, and watching every movement of his enemy, the bird awaited the coming onslaught. The fox snarled wrathfully and prepared to spring. Flapping its wings, the fowl leapt on him, kicking out furiously with its sharp spurred legs, and planting hard pecks on the fox's muzzle.

A great cackling from the excited hens filled the yard. So loud did it become that the farmer was awakened.

Thoughts of the fox in his mind, he hastily dressed and ran out to the farmyard.

Then he rubbed his eyes in astonishment. In the middle of the yard lay the fox, stretched out—dead, whilst the game-cock stood over his fallen foe, filling the air with triumphant crowing.

Still unable to grasp the reality of what he saw, the farmer bent over the fallen fox. A careful examination revealed the means by which the game-cock had scored so mighty a victory. One of the bird's long spurs had penetrated the right eye, and entering the brain had instantly brought down on Master Reynard the fate that he most justly deserved.

Taking everything into consideration, the farmer did not think he had paid too much for the gamecock.

1805

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

1905

"NELSON'S NAME."

By J. P. Harrington.

"Nelson's Name" has been set to music by James W. Tate, and is published in the Pearson's 6d. Music Series.

Britons proudly praise gallant Nelson's days,
And the deeds that hero wrought;
Ev'ry tar recalls England's wooden walls,
On which our great grandsires fought.
At the Admiral's call, they were ready, all,
Every mandate to obey;
And the pluck that then throbbed in Nelson's men
Throbs in British hearts to-day!

Chorus

Nelson's name will guide them
Guide our sons of the sea,
While the colours fly from the mast on high,
Guide them to victory.
Nelson's name will nerve them
To strike for home and beauty;
Strike, with a will, for England still
"Expects ev'ry man to do his duty!"

In the days of yore, when from shore to shore,
Spread the fame of Nelson's tars,
Men were proud of those who met England's foes,
And upheld her in her wars.
And the same pride thrills in their veins and fills
Our blue-jackets, still, we know;
They, with courage great, burn to emulate
Those brave deeds of long ago! Chorus.

Just a hundred years since a nation's tears
Were for glorious Nelson shed;
In the deadly fray, that October day,
His blood dyed the *Victory* red.
But his spirit lives, and fresh ardour gives
To our sailors on the main.
We the palm award to Charlie Beresford!
In him Nelson lives again.—Chorus.

Admiral H. J. Carr, who survived the burning of the *Bombay*, and tells the story of the disaster in these pages

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

X.—THE BURNING OF THE BATTLESHIP *BOMBAY*.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF ADMIRAL H. J. CARR

GLEANED AND EDITED BY WALTER WOOD.

This vivid account of the loss by fire in 1864 of H.M.S. *Bombay*, with nearly a hundred lives, affords for the first time a complete and authentic story of that great disaster. The survivor who tells the tale is Admiral Henry John Carr, who was born in 1839, and joined the Royal Navy in 1852. He attained flag rank in 1894, and retired in 1899 while Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard.

HER MAJESTY'S ship *Bombay* was built so far back as 1827 at Bombay, and was of Indian teak. This wood, though most durable and excellent for naval architecture, is also very inflammable, and her age, nearly forty years, insured every timber in her being extremely dry. The *Bombay* was originally a sailing line of battleship; but in 1860, when our whole Navy had become steamers, she was cut in two, lengthened, and made into a screw ship. About the time she was commissioned for service in South America great pains were being taken, for the prevention of disease, to give ships perfect ventilation in their holds and everywhere. This was carried to a ruinous perfection in the case of the *Bombay*, for there was at all times a thorough draught through open gratings from one partition in the hold to another.

The ships of the Royal Navy have many appliances for the supply of water, and the officers are constantly exercising their crews in the needful duties for extinguishing fire. A disastrous one was of so very rare occurrence on board a man-of-war, even in the old wooden days, that one has to go back some sixty years before the loss of the *Bombay* to find a precedent for the burning of a line of battleship—the *Queen Charlotte*, which took fire and blew up off Leghorn in 1800, with the loss of 673 lives. Therefore, though fire was our most deadly enemy at sea, we always felt perfect confidence in getting the better of it—and that, I need not say, is more than half way towards doing anything in this world. Where men have to save their lives by their own exertions and coolness, a stout heart is everything.

The *Bombay* was the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Charles Elliott, C.B., on the south-east coast of America; but at the time of the disaster he and his staff were on board H.M.S. *Stromboli*, the *Bombay* having been ordered to sea for a week's exercise with the big guns and in other ways.

We left Monte Video, in the River Plate, early one fine midsummer morning in December, 1864—the seasons in south latitudes being reversed—with 655 people on board.

Target practice was the first part of our business that day. After beating the retreat from general quarters at about half-past three in the afternoon, a division on the lower deck were kept at their guns for shell practice. They were my quarters, and I was on duty with the division. For the purposes of the exercise the shell-room and the after magazine were kept open. We were just looking out for the target through the lower-deck ports, and I remember so clearly seeing a French merchant-ship going close past us, under all sail.

At this moment the fire-bell rang, the signal being formed by rapid strokes on the

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ship's bell. Now, this bell often rang for drill only, and accordingly there were few who suspected that this time the warning was given in grim earnest. But it was soon clear that it was no summons to an ordinary drill, for one of the petty officers who was leaving the hold, where he had been employed all the afternoon in passing shells to the guns, had seen a flame in a far corner, right under the magazine. He had at once run up and rung the bell, and reported what he had seen. Our drills were always done against time, so, with everyone in the ship on the alert, and a great part of the crew still at the guns, it was a matter of only two or three minutes to have six or eight large hoses pouring water wherever directed.

My brother officer on the lower deck at the time was Stirling, the gunnery-lieutenant—he was lost in 1880 with the *Atalanta*, a small sailing frigate which he commanded, and which is supposed to have foundered in the Atlantic with every soul on board.

I superintended the unloading of the guns. The weapons were 8-in. old, muzzle-loading, smooth-bore guns, and the only way to extract a charge was to scoop it out, a task which, with these guns, was very difficult. But we got the charges out, except in the cases of two guns, which were jammed, and in these the powder and shot had to be left—obviously a serious danger in a burning ship.

When I had seen to the guns I went to the pumps aft on the lower deck, and found that there was fire indeed. Smoke was pouring up from below, and was already so dense that it was almost impossible to see. The men who were directing the hoses were constantly relieved, and taken up sick or suffocated. The pumps were heaving bravely round, but the overpowering smoke continued to ascend through the hatchway. The deck became so thick with it that in order to enable us to continue working we had to trice up some of the ports. This could not have been more than five minutes after the outbreak was reported—so fierce and swift was the spread of the flames, due, as I have explained, to the extraordinary dryness of the wood, and the great draught which the prevailing system of ventilation induced, and the inflammable material in the after hold.

Enormous quantities of water were being poured below—literally, tons, for, besides the pumps, there were relays of men with buckets, mess-kettles, and dishes at work, filling and emptying their vessels on to the fire. Hammocks, too, were unlashed on deck, and these, with beds and hundreds of blankets, were wetted and sent rapidly below to be used in trying to smother the flames. But the fire, in addition to being so far up in the wing of the hold as to be almost out of reach, had got among a lot of junk—pieces of old cable and cordage—and brooms, and sent out volumes of dense smoke.

One of the pumps was not drawing properly, so I got hold of the carpenter, Mr. Boss, and went down the engine-room hatchway to the orlop deck—the deck below the lower deck and also below the water-line. The orlop deck was thick with smoke in every direction, and so intensely hot that it was impossible to remain there, and we were driven away. Already the orlop deck, which was immediately above the fire, was flooded several inches deep, and so was the after magazine.

Now, had there been a moment for thinking, when it was clear to everyone that a terrible fire was raging and was mastering the ship, there would have come the appalling knowledge that the after magazine and the forward magazine contained forty tons of powder each, and that we were in momentary peril of being blown into the air with the ship; but, happily, we were too busy to think of anything except the work in hand. When I went up to the lower deck again, we found smoke pouring from the "pigeon-holes"—spaces in the old wooden ships which opened from below between the timbers on to the lower deck.

One's impressions at such a time are strange and inexplicable. I remember thinking that, even if the worst came to the worst, and the fire really overwhelmed us, we should be quite safe, as the big French ship was so near us; and my own impression was that, bad as things looked, there was more smoke than fire. We went on steadily doing our best between decks, and at the same time a great part of the ship's company was preparing to hoist out the boats—a precaution which was always taken, even for exercise.

The captain (Colin Campbell, whose early death was so sad for all who knew him) and the commander (John Crawford Wilson, who died while Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard) now came below to see how matters stood, and it was speedily and abundantly clear that the ship was doomed.

The order "Out boats" had found everything in readiness, and when, on all hands being ordered on deck, I got to my station, which was on the quarter-deck, I found that the boats were being hoisted out. The cutter

was out, the barge hooked on and hoisted out on the port side, then the pinnace and first launch on the starboard side, and all the quarter and stern boats were lowered. The first launch was forty-two feet long, the largest in the ship, and had been "raised upon," that is, her gunwales had been heightened so that she could be fitted with a steam-engine. The engine, however—and very fortunately, room being precious—was not in her when she was stowed in-board, because other boats had to go inside her. Besides five boats, which were hanging outside the ship, there were six others, large and small, stowed in-board, and these had to be hoisted out. All were got out square and well except one, the second launch.

The fire had spread so quickly that the smoke now poured up in the waist of the ship and completely cut off one end from the other. An immense help to the flames had been given by the bursting of casks of rum which were stowed in the hold in the compartment next to that in which the fire originated. The bilges, where there was an uninterrupted flow from one end to the other, were flooded with blazing spirits, so that the ship was now on fire literally from bow to stern.

The last large boat was just in the air, though seemingly on fire, when the flames burst on to the quarter-deck, where I then was, and catching an awning over our heads, ran up the rigging, instantly setting every rope and sail in a blaze. The tarred ropes and the awning burnt over our heads with a rush, yards went on end, and spars and burning rigging rattled down. Still we tried to get the second launch over the side, although it looked red-hot with lurid smoke; but its ropes burnt and down it came again; White, the second captain of the maintop, jumping out as it fell.

The very deck on which we stood was now on fire, and a brother lieutenant—now Admiral Sir John Fullerton, who commanded Queen Victoria's yachts, and is an equerry to the King—and myself were the only officers on the quarter-deck, the captain and the commander having gone to the fore part of the ship. The men on the quarter-deck made a rush for the starboard gangway, where the pinnace was alongside. These men were mostly marines, bandsmen, artificers, craftsmen, and so on—"idlers," as they are called, not being bluejackets. The majority were unable to swim, and it was amongst them that nearly all the deaths occurred.

A large and beautiful white ensign was floating from the peak, union down, in the midst of a thick mass of smoke, as a signal of distress; but the smoke itself was the best announcement of our extremity to three vessels which were in sight, as well as to the land—even to Monte Video in the distance. To swimmers there seemed little danger, even now, for we mostly forgot our greatest danger—the magazines under our feet—and I think that all through it never struck me that I was individually in peril.

Large numbers of men were holding to ropes in the water and to the ship's side. The boats had pulled ahead of the ship with their freights, all but two, the steam launch, a big, unwieldy boat, which was near the stern, and the pinnace, which was close to on the beam, heavily laden with men. The sick had been got into the launch, in which also were a number of officers and men whose duty had been on the poop. Happily none of the sick were seriously ill. The falling of burning ropes and spars reminded Fullerton and myself that it was time to be off; but there was a graver signal than that, which was the bursting of shells between decks. In those days we always had two rounds per gun of live shell stowed in boxes between the deck-beams.

The roaring of the flames and the crashing of the bursting shells made it necessary for every man to fend for himself. The result was that there was much mad jumping into the water. Of those who sprang overboard many, being non-swimmers, were paralysed by fear and hurled themselves recklessly into the water. It is a melancholy and significant fact that nearly the whole of the hundred lives which were lost in the catastrophe were those of men who had not learnt to swim, and could not help themselves when in the water.

By way of showing the incomprehensible workings of the mind at such a crisis as this, I will mention a strange incident. When Fullerton and myself saw that it was time to go, we got up into the hammock-netting and stripped ourselves before jumping into the sea to swim to one of the boats, the arrangement being that Fullerton should make for the pinnace and I for the launch. We got rid of nearly all our clothes, and then the two of us took our watches and chains and other little things we valued and secured them in the netting, believing, even then, that we should be able to return to the ship and get them! On the anniversary of the disaster Sir John and I regularly exchange letters, and in his last communication he said how well he remembers this curious mutual trivial act at such a time.

Fullerton safely swam after the pinnace and I got into the mainchains and saw Blake, the doctor, jump overboard out of one of the ports under the poop and make for the launch. I encouraged the men who were hanging on below me by telling them that they were quite safe and that the launch would come and pick them up. Two midshipmen, named Strange and Hamilton, were with me. Strange, poor fellow, was afterwards navigating lieutenant with Stirling when he was lost with the *Atalanta*. I told Strange to stand by to swim for the launch: and as for Hamilton—who could not swim—I assured him that he was safe enough, and that we would get him into the launch, which in due time we did.

Just then a shell burst behind us on the main deck, and we all jumped involuntarily into the water. I made for the launch, and saw Mr. Boss, the carpenter,—an enormously fat and very famous old gentleman—who helped to haul me over the lofty bows. Another celebrated person who was in the launch was Giddy, the chief boatswain's mate. He had in his pocket his watch-bill, a little list of the men of the ship's company, which turned out to be the only list by which we could muster the men afterwards. Every other record of the people on board was lost.

With great difficulty we managed to get the launch up to the ship, having only a few oars, and the current being very strong. The *Bombay's* anchors had been burnt from their fastenings, and so she had anchored herself. We got in, however, and rescued all the men who were still hanging to the ship's side. I was too busy with this work to look much about me, but was constantly reminded by others less so in the stern of the boat, that the mainmast was falling, the magazine about to blow up, guns going off, and shells exploding. Watts, the master, and myself were therefore glad enough to shove off the moment we had lugged the last terrified non-swimmer over the bows.

On clearing the ship I, for the first time, took in the perfect ruin from which we had escaped. The hull was burning from end to end, flames were roaring out of most of the ports, there were the constant explosions of shell, the mizen-mast seemed about to fall one way and the foremast another, all the stays being burnt, and the masts themselves were on fire in many places. The main-mast, a towering mass of spars, two hundred feet high, and weighing altogether some eighty tons, was leaning right over the spot where we had been, and in another minute fell across the side, and would infallibly have smashed our boat and us too! Surely here a Kind Hand had held it back till we had finished our work.

We had plenty to do, for, as we were the only boat astern of the ship, all the men who were floating on bits of spars, gratings, hammocks, etc., came our way with the tide, and were picked up. We found Poë, a little midshipman, swimming bravely about. He is now a rear-admiral, commanding in the East Indies. Then there was Ramsden, another midshipman, on a breaker; and Kelly, the first-lieutenant, and engineer M'Farahan were adrift on a hatch, which had been thrown overboard. Kelly was very sick, having been stifled in the hold of the ship, and simply lay under the thwarts all the evening. He lived to be an admiral and Superintendent at Chatham. Forrest, another lieutenant, and King, the master-at-arms, were on a spar, very much exhausted—Forrest so much so that he murmured: "Don't touch me—I'm too far gone!" I think he is dead, poor chap. We picked up a man, a leading stoker, who had got under a spar, and was being rolled round and round with it. The spar was on his chest, and the ducking would soon have drowned him if we had not pulled him into the boat.

Our clumsy boat was by this time drifting further and further astern, and as we could not see any other survivor floating about we dropped our anchor, and Watts, the dear old master—a rank now replaced by that of navigating lieutenant—suggested that we should offer a prayer for our deliverance. He himself recited aloud the Lord's Prayer and the Prayer for Those at Sea—which were probably all that anybody could recall at such a time. Watts still enjoys an honoured old age, after being master of the Queen's yacht and Staff-Captain of Portsmouth Dockyard.

We had a very mixed crew in our boat of about one hundred. Many people had got into her off the *Bombay's* stern. Amongst them was a middy—Stevenson—a light-weight, luckily, who, in his hurry, jumped off the taff-rail, first pitching his sextant down. The height could not have been less than thirty feet, and he alighted on the heads of those who were in the boat. Wonderful to relate, he did no damage—perhaps because the heads were so close together.

I only saw one jump taken, but it was a very sad attempt. One poor fellow who was in the boat which we did not manage to hoist out, leapt out of her when the smoke became unbearably thick, but instead of alighting on

Just then a shell burst behind us on the main deck, and we all jumped involuntarily into the water.

the deck he went plump down a hatchway covered with a tarpaulin, into the heart of the fire, and must have been destroyed instantly. He was one of the few who perished inside the ship—we only knew certainly of two others, men who said they would go and try to save some of their valuables. They went below and were never seen again. Nothing could live in such a furnace.

Falling anchors, spars, etc., killed several men under the bows, but the bulk of the ninety-two who were lost were drowned because of their inability to swim. Having anchored our boat when we found that there were no more lives to save, we got her to rights. Those who had been lucky enough to escape with their clothes on lent some of their garments to the less fortunate survivors, of whom a number were naked.

The three masts had by this time fallen and the hull was rapidly burning down. Still, to our wonder, neither of the magazines blew up. The smaller boats had all clustered ahead of the ship, and after distributing their cargoes volunteers were called for, so that a boat could make the very perilous attempt to save those who were still clinging under the bows. These volunteers instantly came forward and made two most hazardous trips and safely took off all who had not been carried down by falling wreckage. These rescued men were unable to swim, and Stirling, who was amongst them, saw many a poor fellow sink. Among other risks of this undertaking was that of encountering a stream of molten lead which the intense heat was causing to run from the bows, and the marks of which were left on more than one survivor. On this dangerous service, which was carried out in the most gallant fashion, Mandeville, then a sub-lieutenant, greatly distinguished himself. He was specially promoted for this service, and the commander was also specially promoted for his conduct.

So incredibly fast had the flames taken possession of the whole ship that certainly within an hour of the outbreak the mainmast had fallen, and it can hardly have been more than half that time before we were driven out of her, having hoisted all our boats out.

It was now about six o'clock, and getting dark and cold, too, so that I was very glad to have a shirt from one of the dry men and to put my legs through the sleeves for trousers, my own soaked flannel and shirt having been till then my only garments. The pinnace had been relieved of part of her immense cargo of one hundred and fifty men by a pilot boat—she was so seriously overladen that she was only kept afloat by the men making an extra gunwale with their backs, and so keeping the water, or rather the lop, out. It was lucky, indeed, therefore, that the pilot boat, which had been hovering about, came and took some of the people out of her. We communicated with the pinnace and divided our store of small masts and sails which we had picked up, thrown from the boats ahead, and then made sail for Monte Video, which we could see in the distance, fifteen miles off. We used blankets, bedcovers, awnings, and anything else we could lay hands on as sails.

All Monte Video was astir by this time, and ship after ship of various nations came tearing out. There were three sailing ships in sight, an English brig called the *Water Lily*, which came down to windward and hove to among the small boats ahead; a Hanoverian brig, which was standing out from inshore, and the French ship, but she was a long way to leeward, although beating up towards us. The ships were too late to help in saving life; but they put us sooner into safety, for our heavily-laden boats would ill have stood the sort of sea that gets up so quickly in those shallow waters, and which, as a matter of fact, swiftly followed our landing.

The pinnace and our own boat were picked up by a passenger steamer, the *Rio de la Plata*, which was just starting for Buenos Ayres. She was really a mail boat, and we were very glad to get on board, especially as a Brazilian steamer had calmly steamed past, without taking any notice of our distress or offering help. We went below into the saloon and had some grog; but we were soon driven out by the entrance of a host of ladies who had come to dinner. Our rig was not suitable for mixed company!

We went on deck, and were just up in time to see the end of the *Bombay*. There was, at each end of her, as I have explained, a magazine containing some forty tons of powder. We could not have believed it possible that their walls of wood and mortar could have so long resisted the furnace they were in. Just five hours had passed since the discovery of the fire under the after magazine, and it is marvellous that the ship escaped so long.

Suddenly we saw a fan-shaped flame shoot up from the dull red spot where the *Bombay* was burning, then ten miles from us. In two minutes there was total darkness, and everything that was left of our home and its contents, as well as all we owned, was

One poor fellow who was in the boat . . . leapt out of her when the smoke became unbearably thick, but instead of alighting on the deck he went plump down a hatchway . . . into the heart of the fire.

buried under the muddy waters of the River Plate. This was about 8.30 p.m.

When we got into Monte Video, as all our own ships had gone out, we proceeded to the French storeship *Fortune*, and our friends the French, with whom we were on the most excellent terms on that station, overwhelmed us with kindnesses, from the admiral downwards.

The admiral—he was an enormously stout old gentleman—gave me one of his shirts, which I kept for many years, the captain of the *Rio de La Plata* presented me with a pair of trousers—he must, like many others, have given away all his kit—and so we were clothed and fed and looked after in the most generous fashion. A large part of us, indeed, were put up for a week by our French friends on board their ships, and some also by the Italian frigate *Regina*.

We mustered the crews of the launch and the pinnace and found that in these two boats alone we had no fewer than 180 men. We could have taken a great many more in the launch, but the pinnace was chock full. The *Stromboli*, our largest remaining vessel, with the admiral and his staff on board, came in about eleven o'clock. At midnight we went on board her, and roughly estimated that ninety of our own number were missing. This proved to be nearly correct, the actual number being ninety-two, including a couple of officers—Smallhorn, the surgeon, and Franklin, the boatswain—who were lost under the *Bombay's* bows, and some fifteen seamen. The rest were marines, etc.

Dr. Smallhorn's death was as tragic as it was remarkable. He was a non-swimmer, and, like most of those who were similarly helpless, he was watching and waiting for a chance to escape by being taken off in one of the boats. He was sitting on the sheet-anchor, outside the ship, when it was burnt from its securing-chains, and he went to the bottom with the great mass of iron which formed the anchor.

The *Bombay* was burnt on a nasty, squally night, making us glad to be clear of the boats, but on the following night it was blowing a regular *pampero*—one of the fierce local gales in which our crowded boats would have had no chance of living.

Early on the morning after the disaster Stirling and Skinner, a midshipman, were sent home by the French mail boat to report the disaster, the news of which was telegraphed to England from Lisbon—in those days the nearest cable station. I was ordered to take a party of fifty men to the Lamport and Holt steamer *Herschel*, which had been chartered to bring us home, to clear her lower deck of hides and bones, and otherwise prepare her for our reception. We left Monte Video in a week's time for England, and on our way out passed the scene of the disaster. The *Bombay's* bowsprit, held by its wire rigging, was bobbing awash, the ship having sunk in only seven fathoms—forty-two feet—of water. Even that soon disappeared, and what had been a noble battleship was covered by the mud.

We picked up one body, that of a marine, and buried it. This was the only one that was ever heard of, for, strangely enough, no corpses went ashore.

On the passage home every effort was make to find some reason for the fire, and the court-martial by which we were all tried got no further towards a solution of the mystery. To this day not one of the survivors can offer a satisfactory suggestion on the point.

The story is not complete without the finding of the court-martial, which was as follows:

That after five days' investigation the Court was of opinion that no evidence had been given by which the origin of the fire could be traced, and that Captain Campbell, and the other officers, and the crew of Her Majesty's late ship *Bombay* were not to blame. The Court were also of opinion that after the fire was discovered all possible efforts were made to subdue it, but they proved unavailing in consequence of the extremely complete state of the ventilation of the ship, causing the fire to gain ground with extraordinary rapidity; that the ship was not abandoned until all hopes of saving her were at an end, and the officers and crew were forced overboard by the flames.

That the steadfastness and discipline maintained under very trying circumstances were extremely creditable to the captain, officers, and ship's company, and that the saving of such a large number of the ship's company was mainly due to the foresight with which the preparations were made and the promptitude with which the boats were hoisted out, and that therefore the Court acquitted Captain Campbell, his officers, and crew of all blame.

The Court also desires to call the attention of the Admiralty to the method of ventilating the spirit-room of the *Bombay*, whereby easy access was afforded by fire to the spirit room, and was of opinion that every precaution should be taken to secure the spirit rooms of H.M. ships against such accidents.

The Court considers it a duty to call the attention of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to the many instances of heroism and devotion exhibited by the officers and men of the *Bombay* in the numerous cases that have been mentioned in the evidence, and that the examples set by all the officers must have contributed largely to the saving of so many lives.

The Burglary.

THERE seemed to be somewhat of a slump in the private detective market things were certainly very slack so much so, in fact, that I allowed myself the luxury of dining out and going to a theatre one night, with just a look in for a rubber of bridge at the club, afterwards. All the time I was thinking to myself that the telephone might be even then ringing to intreat my presence for some urgent case or other—it was not, as a matter of fact—but, still, the conscientious detective cannot entirely throw off a feeling of heavy responsibility in case he should not be in the way when a summons should arrive for him.

However, "'tis a poor heart that never rejoices," and I will confess that my evening was both pleasant and profitable. I rose from the bridge table a winner of £4 10s. 6d., had a final whisky and soda, and started on my long walk home—as the last train to my pleasant little suburban residence had already left.

It was a starlight night, and I walked briskly along, soon clearing the more populous streets and coming into those flanked by long rows of villas and terraces. An hour's tramping, and then the streets grew more open. I knew this neighbourhood well, and, deviating from the main road, took a short cut through a footpath running at the end of some gardens. Passing down this narrow lane, between two low brick walls, my attention was suddenly arrested by seeing a light moving about in the first-floor window of a house.

By means of my rapid system of induction I came to the conclusion that—(1) lights did not move about by themselves; (2) therefore, human agency was at work moving them; (3) that anyone carrying a light about at 2 a.m. must almost of necessity be a burglar.

With me, to think is to act. Besides, I hadn't done any detective work for weeks, and was just yearning to display my extraordinary skill again. I silently scaled the wall, and dropped into the garden beyond. Then I crept stealthily along to the back of the house.

"As I thought!" I muttered to myself, "burglars it is!"

For a ladder was placed at the first-floor window where the light was moving, and the whole scheme stood revealed.

I silently commenced climbing a cherry-tree which stood near the house, and would, I thought, command a view of the lighted room. But the marauders had now taken the precaution to pull down the blind, and I could see nothing. Still, there was a hole in the blind, and, had the tree been taller, I could have looked in. I quietly descended to the ground again, and thought hard, whilst still watching the slowly moving light.

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Then a thought struck me—the ladder! It was a bold move, but I did not hesitate; and, before I could give the matter a second thought, my foot was on the lowest rung.

With the greatest caution I ascended. I did not disguise from myself the perils of that moment—one false step and I should have been hurled into eternity—at all events, I might have slipped and sprained my ankle.

But "the man who hesitates is lost," and, inch by inch, I rose higher and higher on the ladder, cautiously peering, all the time, at the window, fitfully illuminated by its mysterious moving light above. The top of the ladder did not reach within some ten feet of the window-ledge, so, standing for a moment on the highest rung, I grasped the lattice-work which partially incased the house, and quietly drew myself up on to the sill; on this I knelt, and then placed my eye opposite the tear in the blind.

The sight that met my gaze almost took my breath away—two masked ruffians were busy ransacking every drawer in the room! A small safe stood open—and empty—whilst jewellery and costly trifles were strewn carelessly about the table.

I know not how long I gazed on the scene, fascinated. At last I was looking on crime—crime positively being enacted under my very nose.

I immediately saw the obvious course to pursue—I would descend the ladder and run away—I mean into the main road—and give information to a passing police-constable, who could himself surround the house and effect the capture of the burglars. I was quite prepared to lend him my moral support.

In pursuance of this scheme, I cautiously reached down for the top of the ladder with my foot, first taking firm hold of the window-sash to steady myself.

Ha! lower down than I thought. Another prolonged grope with my foot, but no result. I could *not* find the confounded thing! I turned my head cautiously and peered through the darkness in search of it. And then I nearly fell off my perch from fright—astonishment!

Someone had taken the ladder away!

Could any situation have been more appalling? There I was, kneeling on a narrow window-ledge, twenty feet above the ground, separated only by a pane of glass from two desperate villains, who, I felt certain, would not hesitate to take my life if they should see me—all retreat cut off, and even my tenure of this highly uncomfortable position an extremely precarious one. And just then, as though to emphasise my misfortunes, my shaking hand involuntarily tapped on the window-pane; the rascals within evidently heard the sound, and I was discovered.

One of the murderous-looking scoundrels advanced towards me, revolver in hand. He drew up the blind and covered me with his weapon, whilst his mate quickly followed and threw up the window.

"'Oo are yer?" growled Number One ferociously, "an' wodjer want 'ere? Stop where yer are," he added in low, menacing tones, "an' don't try to come in or I'll shove yer over back'ards and break yer bloomin' neck!" as I made a move to gain the interior of the room.

I really did not feel equal to the task of arresting these fellows, so I temporised. I suppose it must have been rather a chilly night, as my teeth began to chatt—I felt cold, I mean.

"I s'pose you're one of these 'ere silly cuckoos as goes pokin' their noses into things wot don't concern 'em," said Ruffian Number Two. "S'pose we leaves 'im where 'e is, Bill, eh? an' shuts the winder in 'is silly face?"

And Bill assenting to this inhuman course, I found myself just as I was, the window-pane again within an inch of my nose, and the catch securely fastened. The ruffians then quickly collected their booty and shovelled it into a dirty-looking bag, preparatory to leaving the house.

I watched the desperadoes off the premises with a sigh of relief, and then immediately set to work on the window-fastening, with a view to securing my own release. Fortunately, my penknife was in my pocket. I quickly unclasped it and pushed the long, thin blade between the window-sashes, in an endeavour to move back the hasp. For a long time it resisted my efforts, and in the struggle the end of the blade snapped off.

My situation was a desperate one indeed, but worse was to come; for, whilst I was again hopelessly plying my knife blade—or what was left of it—on the catch of the window, the door was suddenly opened, and a man, somewhat sketchily attired, with a poker in one hand, and a lighted candle in the other, burst into the room.

For an instant we glared at each other through the glass; then he swiftly executed a strategic retrograde movement and commenced running downstairs, shouting for help.

"Chained to the rock" like Andromeda of

old—or, more correctly speaking, compelled to remain kneeling on that confounded window-sill—I could only await the course of events in a condition bordering on despair. After an agonising quarter of an hour, Fate, in the person of a stalwart police-constable, with a drawn truncheon, arrived on the scene. He entered the room and was closely followed by the trembling but still truculent gentleman in the sketchy attire.

They did not appear to be feeling very valiant, nor, to tell the truth, did I, and before opening the window a parley was held.

"Will you go quiet?" asked the police-constable, a trifle nervously, I thought, in spite of the brave show he made with the menacing truncheon.

"Policeman," I began desperately, "appearances may be against me——"

"They are," stolidly replied the man in blue.

"Quite so. Nevertheless I may tell you I was endeavouring to detect, not to commit, crime."

At this the constable indulged in a professional smirk.

"I've heard that yarn before," he said grimly. "How did you get up there?"

"By a ladder."

He smirked again.

"Then, where is it?" he asked in incredulous tones.

"Someone took it away after I got up. You don't suppose I flew here, do you?"

The police-constable was obdurate.

"If you came up a ladder, I want to know where it is," he said in dogged tones.

"Well, I don't keep it about me," I answered testily.

He pondered over this for a moment, and then continued:

"Where's your pals?"

"I have no 'pals'—I was trying to detect some burglars at work and——"

"And got left, eh? Well, you'll have to come along of me to the station, and tell the sergeant this pretty story of yours. If I open the winder, will you come quiet? or shall I send for help first, and keep you waiting on the sill till it comes?"

What an appalling alternative!

For a moment I was speechless. Then I recovered myself and said earnestly:

"Policeman, listen to me—I am Evergreen——"

"So I should think," he interrupted rudely.

"Hardbake," I continued, ignoring his remark. "Detective and Private Inquiry Agent. I was passing along—but for goodness' sake let me into the room, or the knees of my trousers will be worn through on this infernal window-sill!"

Thus adjured, the householder and the policeman opened the window, and, with elaborate precautions, allowed me to enter the apartment. I was cold through, cramped and shivering; nevertheless, the myrmidon of the law at once seized me by the collar, in order to prevent my escape.

"I was passing along the lane,"—I began, when the burly constable struck in pompously:

"'Oo are yer?' growled Number One ferociously, "and wodjer want 'ere?"

"It's my dooty to warn you that all you say will be taken down in writing, altered to suit the occasion, and used against you at your trial."

I could have thrown the soap-dish at him.

"There's no question of any trial," I remonstrated, "unless you will go after the real burglars and——"

"And let you escape, eh?" said the constable with a superior smile. "Not much. I don't, a bird in the 'and is worth two in the bush, so come along."

And to my unutterable disgust—not to say apprehension—I found myself walked off to the police-station and confronted by the sergeant on duty.

"Burglary, sir; caught in the very act," said the constable smugly, "trying to push back the catch of the window with his knife-blade, evidently with burglarious intent," he added grandiloquently.

The sergeant looked wise as he wrote down something, and then I was relegated to a whitewashed cell of cheerless aspect, and sat down to await my fate.

Let me hasten to the conclusion of this disastrous experience. In the course of the morning I was conveyed to the police-court, and as soon as the overnight "drunks and disorderlies" had been disposed of, I was hustled into the dock.

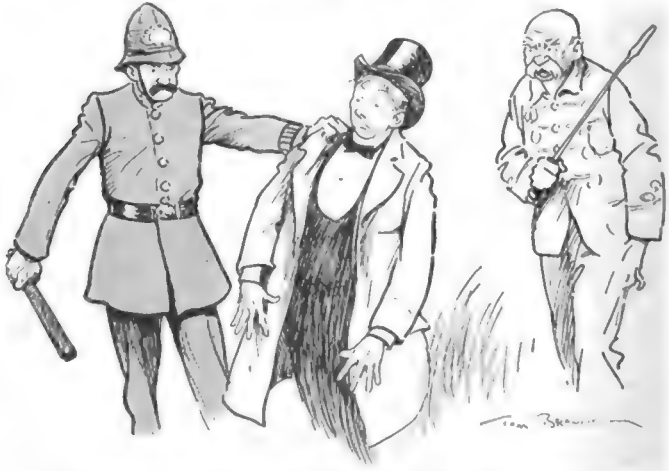
The policeman who had arrested me went into the box and began to give his evidence in the stereotyped way. He said that "from information received" he went to Acacia Villa about 2 a.m., and saw me kneeling on the window-sill of the "first-floor back," and that he thereupon arrested me.

The outraged householder followed in corroboration, and then I gave a full explanation in defence. The magistrate shook his head, and said he doubted whether any jury would convict, and that probably my story was the true one. Radiant with triumph, I was preparing to leave the dock, when unkind Fate dealt me a most unlooked-for blow.

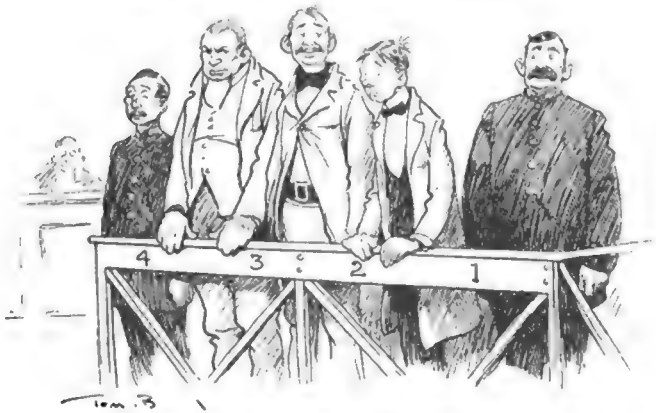
A police-sergeant came forward and said:

"Please, your worship, the two men who are supposed to have been concerned with the prisoner in this burglary, have just been brought in, and I apply that they should all three be put in the dock together."

And the next minute I found myself standing cheek by jowl with the two ruffians I had seen commit the burglary overnight. One of them grinned and patted me familiarly on the back.



The myrmidon of the law at once seized me by the collar, in order to prevent my escape.



The next minute I found myself standing cheek by jowl with the two ruffians I had seen commit the burglary overnight.

"Cheer up, cully!" he said encouragingly, "a tray o' moons won't 'urt yer!"

I turned from him with lofty disgust.

"Sir," I said, addressing the magistrate, "I beg you will not think that I have anything to do with these men."

Ruffian No. One guffawed, and, indicating me, said:

"Yer wushup, 'e's in it, up to the neck."

"Do you know him?" asked the magistrate.

"Know 'im? *I* know 'im? Well, there, you make me larf! Why, 'e's the cleverest of the lot of us, 'e is—plans all the jobs for us. 'Oily Sam' we calls 'im!" and the scoundrel grinned demoniacally, as I stood aghast at his barefaced lying.

"This puts a different complexion on your case, my man," said the magistrate, addressing me. "You see, your friends here state——"

"My friends!" I gasped. "I never saw those—— villains" I was going to add, but a murderous gleam in No. One's eye caused me to tone it down to "men"—"in my life before last night!"

"Well, I must remand you for inquiries," responded his worship suspiciously; "in custody for a week," he added, and at the words my heart sank within me.

Just at that moment, however, a highly respectable-looking old gentleman entered the court, carrying a bundle of papers, evidently some lawyer engaged in a case. To my unspeakable relief, I recognised him as my uncle's solicitor, and I was saved.

Two minutes sufficed to explain matters. The lawyer in question told the magistrate who and what I was. And then I was released from the dock and put into the witness-box.

After I had given evidence against the two prisoners I had prepared to leave the court, if not in a blaze of triumph, at all events feeling decidedly pleased with myself; but the feeling of elation was sadly discounted by the parting threat hurled at me by Ruffian No. One.

"Even if the judge gives us seven stretch for this, we'll get square with you when we comes out o' quod again, make no mistake about it! You're as good as a dead 'un already!"

In reply to the scoundrel's threat, I smiled—rather feebly, perhaps—and said: "Ha, ha!" but I fear the "Ha, ha!" lacked spontaneity.

I did not sleep for a fortnight afterwards, and even now I keep a revolver under my pillow—it isn't loaded, as I don't know how to fire it off.

A general view of the Royal Train, which is six hundred and thirty feet long, and weighs about three hundred and seventy-five tons.

THE PRINCE'S SPECIAL TRAIN.

A Description of the Unique Train in which the Prince and Princess of Wales will Travel when in India. It has been specially Built for their Royal Highnesses, and Has no Equal in the World for Comfort and Luxury.

By H. Kelway Bamber,
Carriage Superintendent of the East Indian Railway.

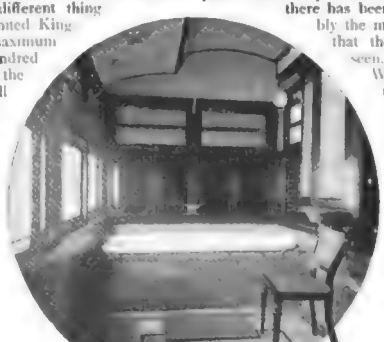
There are many who will envy the Prince and Princess of Wales their tour in India, for to the uninitiated it will be merely a triumphal progress, where every comfort that money can procure or ingenuity devise will be lavished upon the travellers.

But the man with inside knowledge does not envy; he sympathises with their Royal Highnesses in the great strain which the tour will place upon them. There will be State balls and reviews, pageants and social functions, and sandwiched between these will be terribly long railway journeys.

It is well to remember that a tour of India is a very different thing from one in the United Kingdom. Here the maximum journey is five hundred miles or so; there the Royal travellers will be in the train for a thousand miles at a stretch.

The former State train, which was used for many years by the various Viceroys of India, was exceedingly comfortable, but since the days when it was built engineering science has advanced, and the possibilities for luxury have increased accordingly. In a country like India, where display and splendour have such a great effect in keeping up the prestige of the British "*Raj*," it is of first necessity that when the Viceroy travels, his journeyings shall be performed in a style befitting his exalted rank.

The fatigue that such a journey would entail under ordinary conditions would render the whole tour unpleasant, and it was to mitigate this drawback, as far as might be, that the Indian Government decided to build a special train for the accommodation of their Royal visitors. Schemes were suggested and plans drawn up, and the result is that there has been produced probably the most luxurious train that the world has ever seen.



H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' bath-room in the train. The only bath-room of its kind ever fitted into a railway carriage.

When it was known that men were required for its building, there was the keenest competition for the honour of assisting in its construction, and craftsmen of Bengal, Bombay, Burmah, and the Punjaub shared in its erection. In this way the construction of the train was a matter of Imperial interest, and a striking evidence of the

rolling stock building capacity of our greatest dependency.

Now the train is completed, and only awaits its Royal occupants. The various carriages of which it is composed are each seventy-two feet in length, or sixteen feet longer than an ordinary saloon. The carriages are mounted on six-wheel bogie trucks, and their running is a triumph of smoothness.

Externally every carriage looks just the same. The body is a rich cream-colour, the mouldings are maroon, and ornamental designs are picked out in gold.

verandah which forms the end of their saloon.

Let us enter the Royal saloons and look about us. There is one for the Prince, while the other is reserved for his consort.

In each case the walls are beautifully inlaid with Spanish mahogany and other kinds of valuable woods, which have been selected for the contrast they afford with one another. The roof throughout the train is of the dome variety, or what is technically called the "clerestory," and in the ceiling are fixed the electric lamps, which are inclosed

The Dining Saloon of the Royal Train. This apartment is fifty feet long.

Internally the carriages vary according to the uses for which they are designed. There are the Royal, the staff, the dining, and the cooking carriages, each a model of perfection in its own particular line. Each vehicle connects directly with its neighbour by means of collapsible gangways. These are specially constructed, and are all covered in, so that one may walk from one end of the train to the other without being exposed to the glare of the sun.

To each carriage there is, of course, a separate means of access. Their Highnesses will step from the platform on to the

in shades of cut glass. Close beside the lamps are electric fans for cooling the atmosphere and saving the travellers from the exhausting effect of the heat.

On the floor of every carriage there is a double layer of carpet, and to step upon it is like walking on a well-kept lawn. The upper carpet is Axminster, in artistic shades designed to set off the beauty of the furniture.

In the Prince's day apartment the furniture is made of Spanish mahogany upholstered in green morocco stamped in gold with the Royal arms. That in the boudoir of

the Princess is of satin wood upholstered in pale grey figured satin.

The bedrooms are luxurious in the extreme, and their furniture is a triumph of the cabinet-maker's art. Opening off each bedroom is a bathroom twelve feet long by seven and a half broad. The floors of these are paved with tiles of a delicate shade of grey, and the walls, as far up as the windows, are panelled with glazed tiles of the palest green. The bath is a full-length one, and looks most inviting.

The dining-hall is a marvel of the builder's skill. Its width, of course, is limited by circumstances that could not be overcome, but the length is no less than fifty feet. Standing at one end and looking towards the other, you have an uninterrupted view of the apartment, for there is not a single pillar or support in its whole length.

On each side are marble-topped tables, some accommodating four diners, others two. Beside each table is a cunningly constructed whatnot to hold table accessories. Perhaps the most notable feature in the decoration of this apartment is the series of medallions which are fixed round the walls, one above each window. These medallions bear upon a background of gold the armorial bearings of each successive viceroy and governor-general from Lords Canning to Curzon, and over the entrances to the dining-hall are the arms of the Prince himself.

Adjoining this spacious dining-room is a pantry, containing enough china, glass, and linen to stock a small hotel. In one corner is a wine-cooler, with a chamber large enough to hold several dozens of bottles, and three hundredweights of ice.

The kitchen is a carriage of cupboards, for each of which there is a specific use. On one side are separate refrigerators for meat, fish, and poultry; and on the other is a huge cooking range and grill.

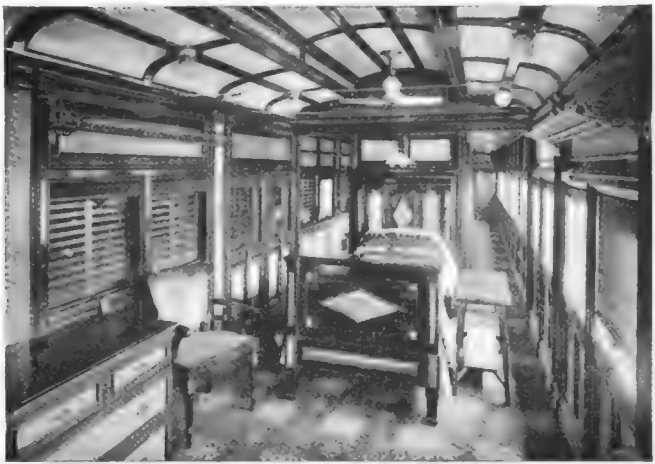
To prevent any danger from fire, a tank, containing three tons of water, has been built into the roof of the kitchen, and close beside the range there is a fire hydrant connected with this tank.

Behind the kitchen there is a large store-room, and beyond that there is accommodation for no fewer than sixty native servants.

Besides the two Royal saloons, dining car, and kitchen car, there are three separate carriages devoted to the staff, and two brake vans.

The staff saloons are divided into compartments allotted to the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting upon their Royal Highnesses, and in luxury these apartments fall little short of the Prince's own.

The Prince's day apartment. The furniture is of Spanish mahogany, upholstered in green morocco, stamped with the Royal Arms.



His Royal Highness' bedroom. The walls are beautifully inlaid with valuable woods.

The front brake van is occupied by railway officials, while the one at the rear end of the train is given up to native clerks, servants, and personal luggage.

Even this does not constitute the whole retinue of the Prince *en route*. In advance of his own train travel two specials with the horses, carriages, and extra luggage. In short, His Highness does not travel alone, but in the company of a fair-sized army.

All his servants, except his valets, will be natives.

Lord Curzon took the greatest interest in the building of this train, the more so that, with the exception of electrical and other special fittings, the whole of it—body, underframes, bogie tracks and forgings—was constructed at the carriage works in India from raw materials, and the labour was thoroughly representative of our Indian Empire.

THE HEART OF A MAID.

Lost?—Well, perhaps, it was small,
And easily, doubtless, mislaid;
I did not inquire; after all
'Twas the heart of a maid.

Stolen?—It well might have led
A thief to adventure a raid;
I asked not; when everything's said,
'Twas the heart of a maid.

Strayed?—Well 'twas one of the three—
Ungallant to urge or persuade
The secret to wring itself free
From the heart of a maid.

Enough that the Past is the Past,
That young hearts are not beyond aid,
That silence heals best—that at last
'Tis the heart of my maid.

V. H. PRIEDLAENDER.

A "SNAPSHOT" INTERVIEW.

1. Ah! glad to see you. You'll have a squib—cigar, I mean?

2. Yes, I'm grossly misrepresented—my only wish has been to ameliorate fallen creatures.

3. I only wanted to bring about a reconciliation, but—[illegible] were not appreciated in the least.

4. I'll arrange a regular [illegible] Herald, [illegible] sensation [illegible] moral [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CAP & BELLS

CHAPPIE PHILOSOPHISES.

ALGERNON: "I say, Cholly, did you evah notice the—aw—wise provision of nachaw in a cigawette?"

CHOLLY: "I never notice anything, Algy. It's bad fawm."

ALGERNON: "Hang fawm. I like philosophy. Now, I have often observed that the lawst hawf of a cigawette is not so good as the first hawf. Now just think what a fix we would be in if it was the othah way, and we had to smoke the lawst hawf first!"

• •

WHY SHE ROSE EARLY.

LADY: "What do you think? I have a servant who gets up in the morning without being called."

CHORUS OF VOICES: "Impossible!"

LADY: "But it's true; she is in love with the milkman!"

• •

PROUD OF HIS COMPLAINT.

"I understand Jenks is suffering with rheumatism."

"He has it, but isn't suffering."

"What do you mean?"

"He's proud and happy. The doctor says it's gout."

WANTED IT AT ONCE.

"I discover you, cried the angry parent, "I shall cut you off with a shilling."

"Yes, sir," replied the young man meekly, "and might I have that shilling now?"

• • •

WITHOUT WORDS.

DAUGHTER: "No, mamma, Harold has not proposed yet—that is, not in so many words."

MOTHER: "Mercy me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made in good sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, haws, and looks, you know."

• •

THE LATEST PATENTS.

HOUSEHUNTER: "Seems to me this house isn't very well built. The floor shakes when we walk."

HOUSE AGENT: "Um—yes—e—s: that's the new kind of spring floor for dancing, you know."

HOUSEHUNTER: "And these stairs creak terribly."

HOUSE AGENT: "Yes. We furnish this new patent burglar-alarm staircase without any extra charge."

• • • • •

A GOOD REASON.

MOTHER (at a reception): "Why didn't you accompany Mr. Nicefellow out to supper?"

SWEET GIRL: "I prefer to go with papa."

MOTHER: "Mr. Nicefellow is devoted to you, and seemed much dejected by your refusal. I thought you—er—rather liked him?"

NICE GIRL (blushing): "I do."

MOTHER: "Then why didn't you go out to supper with him?"

SWEET GIRL: "Well, if you must know, it's because I am ravenously hungry."

• •

He: "Do you think your mother can hear us?"
She: "Oh, she promised me she wouldn't listen."

HADN'T BURNT MUCH.

ELDERLY RELATIVE (to school girl): "Amanda, you are looking pale. You must not be too ambitious. Tell me the truth, now, haven't you been burning the midnight oil?"

MISS AMANDA (her paleness all gone): "Why, yes, Auntie. But—but not much; we turned the lamp down very low indeed."

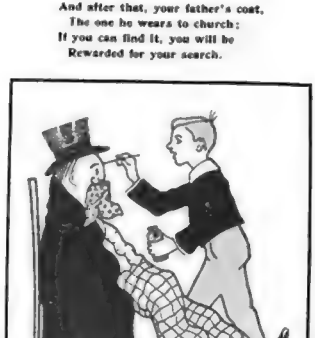
GUY FAWKES DAY.

If you have never made a "guy,"
  Just let me tell you how;
It's really very simple, if
  You do not mind a row.

Well, first you seize upon a chair,
  The lightest you can find;
It may get broken, but, of course,
  Your parents will not mind.

The softest feather bolster next,
  The one from mother's bed,
And then a little brush and ink,
  To paint the face and head.

And after that, your father's coat,
  The one he wears to church;
If you can find it, you will be
  Rewarded for your search.



The waistcoat, and the trousers that
  He wears with it will do;
And then his patent leather boots
  Are very handy, too.

A red, or else a spotted tie
  Will make your "guy" look nice;
No doubt your father has a lot—
  His best one will suffice.

Lastly, you take your father's hat,
  Be sure it is his best;
But rub the nap the wrong way round—
  * * * *
And father does the rest.

Reginald Rigby.

EASY TO FIND.

MISTRESS: "Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the pantry floor, Annie?"

ANNIE: "Oh, yes, mum, easily; I put my foot in it."

* *

DIDN'T KNOW WHICH.

"Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady."

"Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er—why—she hasn't said which she will be yet."

* *

THE GOLDEN RULE.

HE: "Why is it that a girl wants to kiss every baby she sees?"

SHE: "To show that she is willing to do unto others——"

* * * * *

INSULT ADDED TO INJURY.

"Sedgeley's cow got into my garden and ate all the grass off the lawn."

"What did he do?"

"Sent me a bill for using his cow as a lawn-mower."

* * * * *

RATHER A DIFFERENT THING.

"Now, Mr. Green, where are you going? Are you training for a race?"

"No!" shouted Mr. Green in return, "I'm racing for a train!"

* * * * *

EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS.

LAWYER: "Where did he kiss you?"

PRETTY PLAINTIFF: "On the mouth, sir."

LAWYER: "No, no! You don't understand. I mean, where were you?"

PRETTY PLAINTIFF (blushing): "In his arms, sir."

* * * * *

FOUGHT—NOT FIGHTING.

SYMPATHETIC SMALL GIRL: "Oh, you poor little boy, have you been fighting?"

GORY AND BEGRIMED BOY: "No; I've been fought."

* * * * *

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

OBLIGING BARBER (having shaved off one side of a man's moustache): "There, sir! If you like the effect, I'll shave the other side also."

* * * * *

ONE OR THE OTHER.

SHE: "I wonder why they hung that picture?"

HE: "Perhaps they couldn't catch the artist."

AS THE FIFTH APPROACHES.

Catherine Wheel (soliloquising): "Something seems to tell me that I shall get a blowing up soon."

GOOD ADVICE.

Gentleman on the left: 'Wodger laughing at?"

Gentleman on the right: "Why, that—ha, ha, ha!—that joke on the next page. You should turn over and have a look at it. Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!!!"

GRAND THING.

"This new luminous paint is a splendid invention!" declared the fond young papa.

"How so?" asked Mr. Newlywed.

"Why, you just paint the baby's face with it and you can see it to give him his bottle without lighting the gas!"

* * *

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT.

An impecunious lady in the suburbs was recently informed by the servant that a gentleman wished to see her.

"Tell him to take a chair," said the lady.

"He says he is agoin' to, mum, an' all the rest of the furniture. He's from the place what sells furniture on the instalment plan," answered the servant.

* * *

BUYING UP THE ENEMY.

UNCLE (to nephew playing the game of war with a companion of his own age): "If you take the fortress within a quarter of an hour I'll give you sixpence."

YOUNGSTER (a minute later): "Uncle, the fortress is taken; now, let me have the sixpence."

UNCLE: "How did you manage it so quickly?"

NEPHEW: "I offered the besieged threepence, and they capitulated."

"Goodness, John! How queer baby looks. I believe he is going to have a fit."

"By George! I believe you are right. Where is my camera?"

* * * * * *

LOVE OF TWO KINDS.

HE: "If you did not love me why did you encourage me?"

SHE: "How did I encourage you?"

HE: "For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theatre."

SHE: "That was not because I loved you; that was because I loved the theatre."

* * * * * *

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

MRS. BOSSINGHAM: "When you led me to the altar, Alfred, you were a very solitary man. In fact, you married for sympathy."

ALFRED: "Well, my dear, our acquaintances don't refuse it me."

MIGHT BE WORN AWAY.

"Papa," asked a four-year-old youngster, "are little boys made of dust?"

"Yes, my son," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the little fellow, "I wish you would make nurse stop using the brush on me. I'm afraid she'll brush me all away."

* * * * *

NOT WORTH MUCH.

BIGGS (to cabman): "What will you charge to take me and my wife to Blank's Hotel?"

CABMAN: "Half-a-crown, sir."

BIGGS: "And how much for taking me alone?"

CABMAN: "The same, half-a-crown."

BIGGS (to his wife): "There, my dear, you see how much you are valued at."

* * *

THE PRICE OF IT.

TOMKINS: "That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Gibbs."

GIBBS: "Yes, Tomkins."

TOMKINS: "About how much does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?"

GIBBS: "Eternal vigilance."

* * * *

LEFT IT TO HER.

"Ethel," said a clergyman, to one of his parishioners whom he saw with her hair in curling pins, "if Nature had wanted your hair to curl, She would have curled it for you."

"She did, sir, when I was a child," was the reply, "but I suppose She thinks, now, that I am old enough to do it myself."

There is something wonderfully grand in the roar of thunder until you discover it has soured the last half-pint of milk in the house.

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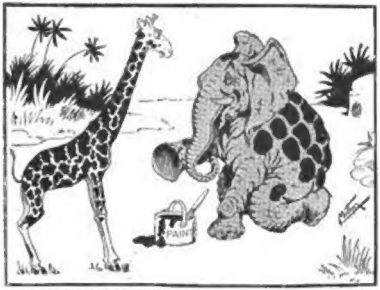

Giraffe: "What the dickens are you up to, Mr. Elephant?" Elephant: "It's all right, old chap. I'm going to a fancy-dress ball disguised as a giraffe!"

WHY HUSBANDS WERE PREFERRED.

"Are you married?" said the manager to a man who was looking for a situation.

"No, sir."

"Then I can't employ you. I have a place into which I could put you, but we engage only married men."

"May I ask the reason of this discrimination? Is it that families may be provided with support?"

"Not at all. It is because we find that married men know better how to obey than bachelors."

* *

ABSENT MINDED.
Professor: "Let me see. I think I like my eggs boiled for three minutes."

NO HOPE FOR HIM.

"No, George," said the sweet maiden. "I cannot marry you now. But if you are willing to wait I will marry you when I am thirty-five years old!"

And then the young man departed, sad and despairing. For he knew the time would never come.

* * * * *

The luck which has pursued me
Of late has been so dire,
I think the wheel of fortune
Must have a punctured tyre.

* * * * *

PRECEPT EASIER THAN PRACTICE.

BIBBS: "Who was the man you gave half-a-crown to at the hotel this morning?"

GIBBS: "An old literary friend of mine; author of 'How to Get Rich.'"

MY SISTER.

Who won't allow a chap to speak,
And if he's candid calls it cheek?
Who always tries to play the sneak?—
My sister.

Who was it raised the Pater's ire,
By sneaking when I slit his tyre?
Who said I put squibs in the fire?—
My sister.

Who poached because I took her hat—
As if there's any harm in that!—
And tied it on the neighbour's cat?—
My sister.

Who reckons to be very shy,
Yet kissed a young man on the sly,
Not knowing brother Ted was nigh?—
My sister.

Who said she didn't care a rap
About this very same young chap,
Yet for him set a cunning trap?—
My sister.

And woe is now engaged to him—
An awful sawney, tall and slim,
And calls him—not I—her darling Jim?
My sister.

Who's giving all the game away—
And serve her right, I know you'll say—
Because for silence she won't pay?
Her brother.

Herbert J. Brandon.

* * * * *

A TALENTED AGENT.

MRS. HOME SEEKER: "You certainly don't expect anybody to take this house? The floors all run down hill."

AGENT (a smart man): "It was built that way on purpose, mum, to keep peace in the family. Greatest invention of the age, mum."

MRS. HOME SEEKER: "Keep peace in the family?"

AGENT: "Yes, mum; nothing like it. Whenever your husband drops his collar studs he'll always know where to find 'em."

* *

IT'S BLIND, ALL RIGHT.

"Do you believe that love is blind?"

"Well, I didn't see her father the other night until he was close enough to kick a goal."

FINANCIAL NOTE.
A fall in Government bonds and securities.

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THE TRICK THAT DIDN'T SUCCEED.

An old gentleman had accidentally knocked Johnny's jug of milk to the ground, and gave the boy a ***shilling to replace it. This suggested to Johnny a trick for making money, as a new jug of milk only cost sixpence. However, the next old gentleman had been caught before, and Johnny got what he didn't expect.***

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Some of my American Experiences.

THE AMERICAN INTERVIEWER.

I AM writing these words in New York, as I told you I should. In a few days I sail back to the old country. Meantime you may be interested to hear a few of my experiences. I vowed to myself, when I went out, to give my own trade a rest, and leave newspapers and magazines out of my holiday programme. But once a journalist always a journalist, and no sooner was my foot on American soil than I began to be mixed up with newspapers and those who work for them. Among other things I was interviewed.

Now I don't want to say anything against the American reporter; he's geniality and kindness itself. But he certainly has a marvellous capacity for—well, shall I say, romantic writing? One reporter saw me for about ten minutes. I told him what I thought of America, and what I intended doing there. Nothing else. Next morning his paper came out with a two column article concerning my views on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy and agricultural depression in England, not a word of which I had so much as hinted to him. I spoke to him pretty sharply about it. "My dear fellow," he said, "what does it matter? Those are the kind of opinions you are expected to have, so it doesn't do you any harm to put them into your mouth." What more could I say?

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY EDITION.

Have you ever seen the Sunday edition of an American paper? It's a marvellous production, consisting of some sixty pages—sometimes even more—filled with all manner of news and with pictures of every description—reproductions of photos, sketches by excellent artists, comic drawings in colour—and all prepared with the elaboration and care which we in this country could not possibly afford, so far as a daily paper is concerned.

I passed a Saturday night at the *New York World* office, and watched the paper going to press. In the early hours of the morning I returned dazed and deafened to my hotel. The rush and fury, the flare and noise, are beyond description. The offices occupy the whole of a vast "sky-scraper" from roof to basement. I passed through room after room seething with frenzied reporters in their shirt-sleeves, artists sketching at a hundred miles an hour, and Toms, Dicks, and Harrys rushing hither and thither. Upstairs is the place for reproducing the sketches and photographs, and the hundreds of men working there at break-neck speed under the white glare of the electric lights are the weirdest sight you can imagine.

But more terrific than all is the pressroom. Fifteen vast printing machines are working full speed at the same time, and reel off the great newspaper in incredible numbers. If you shouted to the top of your voice you could not make yourself heard in this strange inferno. I was glad to find myself after all the noise whirled up on to the top of the building, where I passed out on to the roof, and saw, far below me, the weird and magnificent panorama of New York at night.

MID-ATLANTIC JOURNALISM.

Many of you perhaps do not know that the great Transatlantic liners publish a daily newspaper. The contents do not consist of gossip about the passengers, but genuine news of the world transmitted to the vessel by means of Signor Marconi's wonderful invention. Of course there is nothing detailed in the news. You just get the gist of everything that is happening. In addition there are stories and poems and plenty of advertisements, and the whole journal is very neatly bound up.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Next month THE ROYAL will be considerably enlarged in honour of Christmas. It promises to be a gallant number, with all manner of special articles and stories. The price will be sixpence.

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